

# The TATLER

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London  
October 13, 1937



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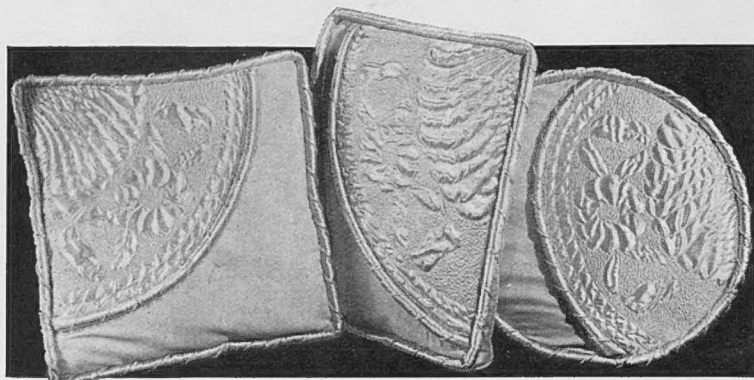
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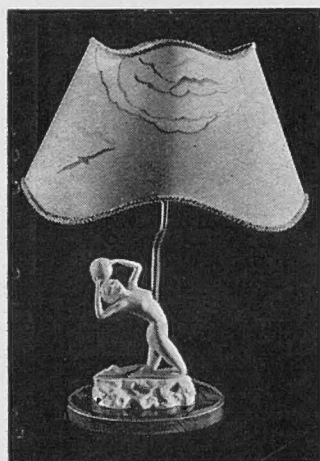


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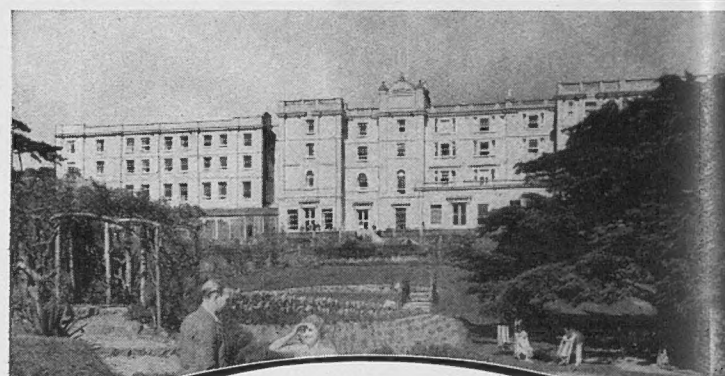
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Wilken, Elgin

LADY DIANA PERCY, THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, AND LADY ELIZABETH PERCY

The above group was taken at Lossiemouth, where the Duchess of Northumberland and her daughters go every year and where this year the engagement of Lady Elizabeth Percy to Lord Clydesdale took place. The actual announcement was made on October 5. The bride-elect is the elder daughter of the Duchess of Northumberland and of the late Duke, and Lord Clydesdale is the Duke of Hamilton's son and heir. He won great fame as the Chief Pilot of the Mount Everest Flight Expedition of 1933. This was probably one of the most dangerous adventures in the whole record of aviation. A picture of Lord Clydesdale, who has thus made a most successful "border raid," appears on page 88 in this issue



## And the World said —



Dorothy Wilding

MRS. FREDERICK SIGRIST

Mrs. Sigrist's husband is the owner of *Viva II*, the fine motor yacht which was towing the *Endeavour I* when she broke away in the Atlantic, subsequently to complete the crossing under her own sail. Mrs. Sigrist has recently returned with her husband from the U.S.A.

"When as in silks my Julia goes  
Then, then, methinks how sweetly flows  
The liquefaction of her clothes!"

AT the modern dress show Julia, *alias* Miss Averil Anstruther, strides with a menacing, military gait, calculated to give squared shoulders, braid and busby, that fiery *panache* which, descended from the Directory, is the cherished ideal of to-day's Dictators; the golden goose step. London's mannequins, glittering goose girls in tailored finery, have eliminated the gentle femininity of Herrick's love, gentleness being no more in currency now than after the French Revolution. It is an unsaleable commodity with a catch in it, this being the age of zip. The atmosphere on dress occasions vibrates with the antithesis of Goodwill. The close air of *demie-saison* holds as many jealousies as the landing little gilt chairs for late-comers who, annoyed with themselves for being late, vent acidity on *vendeuses* already tense from "firstnightis" and the effort required to conceal internecine warfare. In New York Clare Brokaw's bitter play, *The Women*, shows every character at her worst, the most pre-



Compton Collier

THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR HUMPHREY AND LADY DE TRAFFORD

A group taken at Newsells Park, Royston, Hertfordshire, in the balmy autumn sunshine which has so kindly befriended us of late. Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's daughters are, in order of date, Ann, Mary, Violet and Catherine. Their father used to be in the Coldstream, and is a pillar of the turf under both codes, as a one-time Steward of the Jockey Club, a member of the National Hunt Committee, an owner and former gentleman rider. Lady de Trafford is one of the daughters of the late Lord Chelsea, and a sister of Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon and Mrs. John Gilmour



HONEYMOONING IN VENICE

Captain Andrew Knowles and his bride on good terms with the pigeons outside St. Mark's. Mrs. Andrew Knowles was Miss Averil Humphreys before her marriage. Her husband, who used to be in the Scots Greys, is very well known in the Meynell country, and is next on the roster for command of the Derbyshire Yeomanry; he is Mr. Robert Knowles's son

datory, competitive and mingy. Much the same spirit prevails when, under Pisces and Libra, fashionable felines refurbish their armour, yet these huntresses are as little lambs in the hands of the saleswomen, the fitters, the sarcastic director (male) who makes the smartest client feel drab (hence his salary), the supercilious doorman with the outsize umbrella who seems to suggest that her car is unworthy of his kerb and the Great Woman herself, *femme fatale, en toile*. Designer of three hundred models, her aura—even if her body (usually a plump one) has returned to Paris—pervades the Mayfair mansion where photographers are being thrown downstairs, fashion editresses asked to "see" the collection from behind pillars, and duchesses put in the fireplace until their identity is discovered—signal for an unseemly general post in which Mrs. A. loses her seat and half her hat. The other half is eaten by Lady B's pooch.

AT one happy show I noticed Lady Louth, who said she and her Peke were gate-crashing. Miss "cricketer" Gypsy Lawrence and Mrs. "millionairess" Cornelius Dresselhuys had to act as stair-rods. Mrs. Bertie Stern (how Olga can wear clothes!), Lady Plunket, periwinkle eyes piercing a heavy black veil,



Mrs. Charles Sweeny with glasses and Jeanne Stourton without glasses (just to confuse us), Lady Phyllis Allen with an attractive Canadian, Mrs. C. N. Singer, Mrs. Roxana Van Rensselaer with Mrs. Jack Paget, Lady Worthington-Evans with Mrs. Edward Mann, Mrs. Flatau, last seen on the last tee at Vichy, Miss Peggy Johnson who has been missed by urban friends, stately Lady Kemsley, the most *soignée* of great hostesses, Lady Patricia Moore, most interesting of younger marrieds, Mrs. Harold Green, whose husband *le colonel* won a race at Newmarket, Mrs. Inglis-Jones and "Dorie" Gulbenkian, both crazy about clothes, and, rather unexpectedly, Ethel, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, more often sighted at committees, to which she brings a generous purse and a sensible point of view. Her presence was doubtless due to Comtesse Thérèse, who occupied the Jardine mansion in St. James' Place while the dandiacal "Jock" and his beautiful wife stayed on at Castle Milk.

\* \* \*

More fashionables are to be found round and about Bond Street at the witching hour of one, stepping into the Berkeley (where Ferraro's right-hand servitor gives such good racing tips) and the Ritz for a drink prior to picking up a luncheon invitation or retiring, unwanted, to a tea shop. The glamour girls, such as "Dot" Hyson, walking with Mrs. Roy MacKenzie, who was Rosemary Troubridge, therefore born with a sense of fantasy, and Bridgett Poulett following her mother, parade two by two, Mrs. Eustace Storey with Mrs. Geoffrey Mole, Mrs. "Johnnie" Musker with "Brownie" (not Carslake), Mrs. Brocas Burrowes, the sculptress wife of an Inniskilling, Mrs. Sydney Tillotson describing her Biarritz reunion party, Mrs. Ian Napier, Mrs. Hugh Campbell, Lady "Maimie" Lygon, whose autumn suit, called "duck egg" in the public prints, is sea-green to me, Mrs. Carlos Clarke, who gave such a good party after Diana's wedding to Fulke Walwyn, Mrs. "Stewie" Forster of the tawny hair, Lady "Patsy"



AT THE BATTERSEA HOSPITAL'S FIRST FESTIVAL DINNER

The Princess Alphonse de Chimay and Sir Harry Brittain at the hospital's first Festival Dinner at Claridge's last week. It was thanks to Sir Harry Brittain's appeal that this hospital has been able to balance its accounts for the first time in seven years. Sir Harry Brittain asked for £1,000 and he got £1,500. Sir Harry Brittain's eloquence is well known; and he has had a picturesque career in journalism, politics and commerce. Lord Ernest Hamilton, the Princess Alphonse de Chimay's father, is President of the Battersea Hospital



CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY!

Poole, Dublin

Mr. Dennis Eccles, well-known Irish owner and gentleman rider, carries off his charming bride, the former Miss Eva Murphy, after their wedding at Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin. Carrying the bride over the threshold of her new life is an old custom in the house of Eccles. Captain W. E. L. Eccles, the bridegroom's father, is a former Joint-Master of the Meath Hounds



THE SYKES-BAILEY WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lawrence Sykes and one of the guests at the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel after their wedding at St. Michael's, Chester Square. The bride, the former Miss Nancy Bailey, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bailey, of Lane House, Hale, Cheshire. Mr. Sykes is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sykes, of Highfield, Hempstead Road, Watford

Ward looking so much better, and Miss Hilary Charles, whose engagement, strongly rumoured, may be announced before you read this. What price the glamour boys? Many are in the City or at Newmarket, but "Teddy" Phillips hangs his grass green hat in the Ritz, Dudley Tooth locks the door of his gallery for a lunch-time breather, and the spruce figure on the corner of St. James' is Capt. Arthur Hope, married to one of "Jock" Gilmour's sisters. Another is the wife of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen. The Dorchester's entirely

different twice-nightly shows are drawing them in. Lady Long, Lord Dudley, Jerseys, Doverdales, Jack Wallers, lots of young things sitting round large tables looking as if someone is very quietly coming of age, Mrs. Trevor Rose, lesser known of Lord Hirst's daughters and possessor of a lovely smile, Mr. Justice Pankridge, Miss "Billie" Yorke—a representative roomful, all roaring with delight at the wonderful clown. His wardrobe must be seen to be disbelieved. All the items are good and timed to a split second by Henry Sherek, London's largest impresario, whose wife, always a beauty, is *en grande beauté* at the moment. She is Lord Falmouth's sister, and you may have seen her in *Victoria Regina*, billed as Pamela Carme. From this *caravanserai* it costs ninepence to the Florida, where plush boxes provide comfort, privacy and an atmosphere "*légèrement cocotte*," as Olivier said when asked his opinion of the cherubs on the *côté Vendôme* ceiling. I hasten to add its old school tie tone has not been let down by the new decorations. You can send your *débutante* with impunity. One, Diana Younger, was there that evening (Florida hours are getting earlier—it's full by midnight), also Lord Hollenden, Mrs. "Pat" Anderson, Mary Ellis, who is going to be Lola Montés, which is fun for her, and Hugh Longden, poet, now running a bureau to publicise Nassau, where he was A.D.C. Hugh has been commissioned to

(Continued overleaf)



## And the World said—

*continued*

find a successor, which should be easy, as the Bahamian seat of Government is a delectable island, always warm, occasionally hot. Cruises come in every other day, and the Canadian accent is catching. You can also catch sail-fish and, with acknowledgments to Edythe Baker, play kitten on the cays.

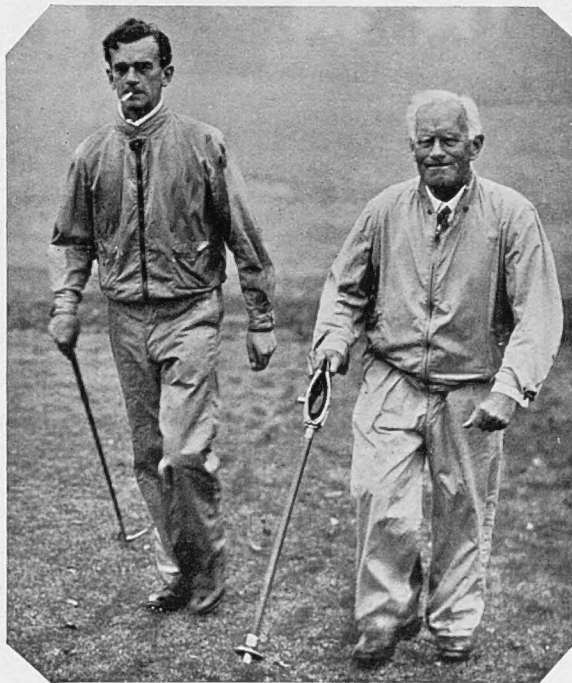
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Exhaling the night air, we drive flat out, between built-ups, to Donington. A beautiful Leicestershire park where deer roam (aware this verb is their perquisite, these animals rarely do anything else) and pheasants scratch round coops within a sparking plug's throw of the track, is now the scene of Britain's major automobile contests. A well-dressed crowd saw this one, the biggest and best attendance yet noted at an English motor meet. There were two teams from Germany, one with four Mercedes-Benz, the other with three Auto-Unions, the last-named very spick, painted silver with scarlet numbers. Rosemeyer won with an Auto-Union. His kamarad, von Brauchitsch, was second in a Mercedes, and that make also clocked third, the great Caracciola at the wheel. He had a terrific reception, as befitted one of the best Continental drivers. First of the non-Germans was another favourite, "B. Bira," otherwise H.R.H. Prince Birabongse of Siam, cousin of the King of Siam. An old Etonian, he is a sculptor, and at twenty-three has reached a pinnacle of motor racing proficiency. His cars, known as the "White Mouse Stable," are beautifully kept. The mechanics wear a white mouse on their overalls, and the vans which do horse-box duty are marked with an adorable picture of this small rodent. In the pits was His Grace of Richmond and Gordon using race glasses. Also present: Charles Follett, "the Alvis King" from Berkeley Street, donor of a cup at Donington; the Peter Aitkens; Mme. Caracciola, smart in brown with leopard revers and a brown top hat; Chiron, the French ace; the Peter Dudgeons (Carsina Gray-Cheape); some cavalry, possibly from Weedon; and a contingent of Hitler's handsome Nordic maidens, all well and quietly dressed in dark blue or grey suits and becoming little hats, whereas the Derby debs. and Leicestershire lassies had decked themselves in wares Germanic, Tyrolean jackets, dreadful green felts or peasant shawls. The visitors may have taken it as a compliment, but they probably asked themselves and each other—the English, are they mad? They may have diagnosed the crowd as snobbish when Lord Howe, second home boy to finish, got a big hand. Though the English dearly love a lord he has to be a good fellow, and preferably a veteran as well, to win mass approval. The Earl is both. He is also the best turned-out driver, a Beau Brummell where car and kit are concerned. Though several, including Raymond Mays, were still trying to finish, the huge and undisciplined crowd swarmed



SIGN PLEASE, AT SCARBOROUGH

Mr. Winston Churchill autographing a programme for an admirer at the 64th annual conference of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations held on Thursday and Friday of last week. Among important pronouncements was Mr. Churchill's expressed confidence in the Government and his stressing of the need for unity "at a time of grave anxiety." Prolonged cheering greeted him and this was renewed at the end of his speech



PLAYING FOR THE SCRUTTON CUP

Lord Russell of Killowen, P.C., and his son, the Hon. Charles Russell, playing for Lincoln's Inn at Woking when the Trophy presented by the late Lord Justice Scrutton, and competed for annually by members of the four Inns of Court, was the cause of some first-rate golf. Inner Temple beat Lincoln's Inn in the final by 5 matches to 2. That distinguished legal light, Lord Russell, Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn, was appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary in 1929. His barrister son is a scratch golfer

over the track to gape at the victors, and it was the very devil getting away. Richard Seaman, who is in a unique position as the only Englishman in the German team—indeed, the only alien in any Continental team—was an interesting entry. You may remember he was second in the Vanderbilt Cup, an event in which Mr. Freddy "Suicide" McEvoy made his American driving debut. He was making his Kempton racing debut that day, hatless in the members', in beige tweeds and a Corviglia Ski Club tie. With him were the boys from Cannes—Edmund Burke and Stephen Raphael, of backgammon fame. Apart from usuals, whose names must fatigue the printer (Lord Stanley, Mrs. Washington Singer, Sir Melville Ward, Mr. David McCall, Mrs. Hunter-Blair, Mrs. Joan Noble, some More-O'Ferralls and one Gilbey), I encountered Captain Gyde, who said Heinemanns are having another Literary Rout; Rosamund Broughton, best-looking bud; and the Maharaja of Rajpipla trying to smile. He has not owned a winner for many moons. Today the Cesarewitch claims the attention of experts and the rest. Lucky ones who can see the gallops and need never hurry over coffee are George and Daphne Philipson, owners of a divine Queen Anne house, neither large nor small, some four miles from racing headquarters. Done over to look as if nothing has been touched since Queen Anne died, it is what catalogues call a gem, with pheasants croaking in the copse and ponies for the three children. Six-year-old Shirley always rides to the races, meeting her mother after the three o'clock just outside the paddock, where she names her fancy to the tune of sixpence. Harry the Horse figures "all horse players are more or less daffy, anyway," and this being so, our earlier surmise that the whole British nation is mad makes sense. The reasons some people advance for backing certain horses do not. Take the luck of Mrs. Peter Findlay at Musselburgh. An American, though Scots by marriage, she does not study form for the Circuit, but, because her little Carolyn calls the drawing-room grand a "piana," she backed the winning outsider in the Prestonpans Nursery.

\* \* \*

Lord Harewood proved an excellent after-wedding speaker when Kenneth Parkinson married Miss Dorothy Lane-Fox at Bramham Park. Proposing the health of the bridal pair, who are going round the world, and, like Sir Walter Raleigh, beginning in Devon, he pointed out that they have embarked on two long journeys—their world tour and their marriage—and wished them the best of luck on both. The Princess Royal, looking nice in sand colour with a touch of lucky blue in her turban, sat between Lord Bingley, father of the bride, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who married them, at the subsequent marquee lunch party for over eight hundred. This was a sit-down feast, and Bradfordians were numerous.



# AT THE JUMPING AT LUDLOW



SIR HARMOOD HARMOOD-BANNER, MRS. FRANK FURLONG AND MRS. FULKE WALWYN



MRS. T. R. RIMELL, MRS. GERRY WILSON AND LADY BARBARA SMITH



THE HON. MRS. BEVAN AND MRS. GUY FARQUHAR TALK THINGS OVER



LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER LEADS IN HER WINNER, "MANON" (E. C. BROWN UP)



GERRY WILSON WITH LADY DUMFRIES, OWNER OF "HUMBLE PIE"—A WINNER



AND MRS. A. A. SIDNEY VILLAR AND "FROBISHER" (E. C. BROWN)

Photos: Truman Howell

They had a couple of days' good fun over the obstacles at Ludlow, even though the going was a bit too much on the "firm" side for anyone who may have been riding a rocky or theatrical performer. E. C. Brown was the hero of the whole entertainment as on the first day he collected three winners; two of them, Frobisher and Tresca, for Mrs. A. A. Sidney Villar, and on the second one, Manon, for Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, and the achievements are duly recorded pictorially in the page above. Gerry Wilson, the champion of last season, also did well. On the first day he won the Maiden Hurdle Race on The Mum for Sir John Grey, and he also won on Humble Pie for Lady Dumfries. The Villar family, it must be recorded, was also in the money with Fonab, owned by Mrs. Sidney Villar's mother, Mrs. R. D. Cohen. He won the Ludlow Handicap Hurdle, also ridden by E. C. Brown. Captain J. B. Powell sent out Frobisher, Fonab and Tresca the first day and Manon, Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper's winner, the second day—a fine record. Further lustre was lent to the proceedings by the presence of the wives of Reynoldstown's two Grand National "pilots." Mr. Frank Furlong won on him in 1935 and Mr. Fulke Walwyn in 1936. Mrs. Walwyn, a recent bride, is the former Miss Diana Clarke, and is in the group with Sir Harmood Harmood-Banner. Another prominent personality was Lady Barbara Smith, Lord Coventry's aunt, who bred Quashed amongst other equine celebrities



# THE CINEMA

## Retreat from War

By JAMES AGATE

FROM time to time the publicity departments of films send me something so abject that I, still retaining some rudiments of Latin, at once throw it away. This week I have retained something which marks a lower stratum in abjectness than anything I have yet discovered. It is headed: "A Dog, a 'Phone and a Piece of Liver—René Clair's Dilemma." And here it is:—

Miss June Knight, who has one of the leading rôles in René Clair's *Break the News*, now being produced at the Pinewood Studios, will be seen in the film with a dog—a dog which also has a most important part.

He is a wire fox-terrier, a real game little fellow called Bob, with whom everybody on the set has fallen in love; and, being an actor, he is a very well-trained dog, indeed.

But the best-trained actors, sad to say, must apparently sometimes remember that they are only dogs after all; and Bob, one day last week, proved true to that tradition.

In one scene he had to listen-in to his mistress's voice coming through a telephone, the instrument in question having been left off the hook and nobody else being there to attend to it.

The trouble was to get Bob to pay the requisite amount of attention to the telephone earpiece, and it was a long time, indeed, before a sufficiently convincing effect could be secured.

To get Bob attracted, the telephone earpiece was smeared with a most fragrant extract of liver.

Bob liked the liver. So much so that he quite forgot the demands of his professional status and, instead of applying his ear to the 'phone, he applied his tongue! When they smeared on the liver Bob licked the earpiece; and when they left it off he just refused to take any interest in the proceedings whatsoever.

It was all most embarrassing, not least to Bob's worthy trainer. But fortunately Bob's artistic instincts triumphed in the end, and he did eventually provide a usable take.

Gradually we are beginning to see that the war years held other things than horror. If there was terror, there was also excitement; if there was maiming, there was also recovery; and before death, there had been resolution. Perhaps the scales were not evenly balanced, and admittedly a pennyworth of ecstasy is a poor set-off against the full pound of agony. Writers like Edmund Blunden have stressed something that must lie in the wake of every war—a hankering after those lovely things which war gives and peace cannot furnish. What lovely things? the reader asks. Well, first, a quickening of the spirit to everything of beauty, a keener taste since the time for tasting has become uncertain. Normally we bring to the enjoyment of, say, a sunset a certain casualness, since even so prosaic an institution as an insurance company will promise us many more; sunsets are a part of normal expectation. But war has one concomitant against which we are even more defenceless—the comradeship that is like no other comradeship. "We band of brothers," said an English warrior-king, and he was a poor soldier who in those four awful years did not find some happiness in that brotherhood, intermittent and ever-changing.

Mr. Blunden himself has written of those attending a regimental reunion:—

They are accustomed to looking into those memories which would not often be welcome talk to their neighbours. They see the works of the

Lord, but His wonders in the deep are past; those, too, they saw. The mystery of that, the misery and the dignity, reside for them in the words, "the battalion." The future cannot rival that attraction. They, we, are years behind even the present, and minor reservations and limitations of date, place and contact yield to one strong retrospective migratory devotion.

Something of this underlies *The Road Back*, Remarque's sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and which is now to be seen at the New Gallery. This is the story of the men who came back, back from the mud, the desolation and the horror of sudden death, back to civilisation, to the caress of a woman's hand. And back, too, in the turmoil, the growing unrest, the food riots and the revolution—the ultimate outcome of all wars. One man discovers that his wife has found the waiting too long; another marries a girl because her father owns a butcher's shop; yet another finds his sweetheart with a man and shoots him down. At the trial his friends testify for this last. If a man for four years is compelled to kill men who never hurt him, there is cause to shoot a man who robs him of everything worth living for. This is not a war film. It is rather a film of the aftermath, demonstrating the futility of war and its inevitable effect on all who live to tread the Road Back.

My brilliant colleague, Miss Lejeune, has written of this picture: "It is a grim and cheerless story that cannot by any stretch of imagination be called entertaining." But surely it would be nonsense to write that, say, *Jude the Obscure* is a grim and cheerless story that cannot by any stretch of imagination be called entertaining. I must think that, for once in a way, Miss Lejeune's pen slipped. She tells us that Remarque's novel "seared and bit like white-hot iron," and it so happens that when films sear and bite me most I like them best. Many years ago William Archer began an article on Ibsen's tragedy of *Little Eyolf* as follows:—

"So they're going to do that horrid play *Little Eyolf*!" a lady said to me the other day. "I can't endure such things. It's almost as bad as *Jude the Obscure*—it couldn't be worse. What is the good of telling such stories?" I was not prepared with an answer; indeed, I should have

been similarly puzzled to say off-hand what was "the good of" the *Ædipus* or of *Othello*. I "left the question in obscurity," as Dr. Johnson, to Boswell's regret, left the details of the future state.

And Archer went on to say how utterly impossible it is to explain the age-old enigma of tragic beauty.

Miss Lejeune continues: "Personally, I doubt whether it could ever be made into a suitable subject for mass exhibition. Agony of this kind, I feel, should be private. . . ." That is where I and this clever critic differ. I feel that war-agony should be made as public as possible. The real difficulty is to know exactly how much war-agony the film-going public will stand, how much agony of any kind will be tolerated by a public entertained by stories of dogs, telephone receivers and raw liver.

The war scenes are, as always, superb, though I think some device ought to be found for making it clear which are the Germans and which the enemies of Germany. The music is good, the photography excellent, and the whole film strikes me as being as intelligent as anything we are likely to get in these tawdry days.

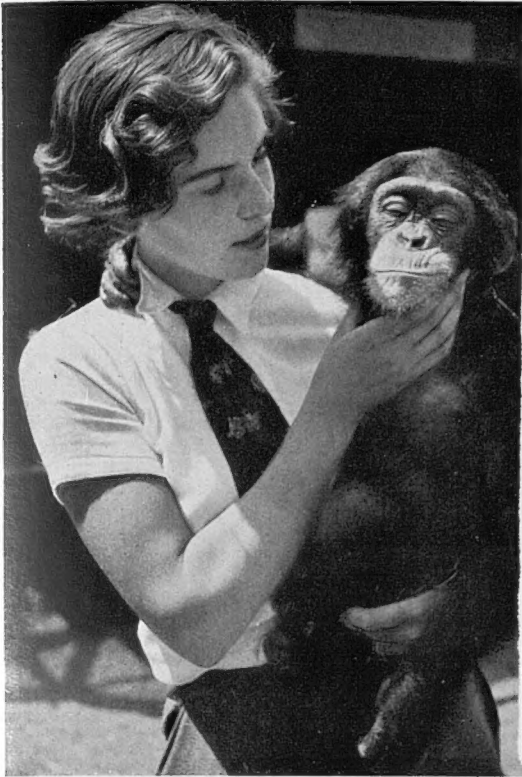


WALLACE BEERY. CHICKEN FARMER

The famous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actor and Carol Ann Beery at their San Fernando Valley ranch, which is Wallace Beery's favourite hiding and playing place, particularly when his adored little daughter is in residence too. He has recently been in the news as the victim of a gun accident, which kept him away from the studio for some weeks



# SO THIS IS



"NO MORE CHILDREN!": THE  
"CHIMP" FEELS BLUE



ROYAL INTEREST: PRINCESS ELIZABETH  
DELIGHTED WITH A BEAR-CUB

# "UNDIGNIFIED"!!!



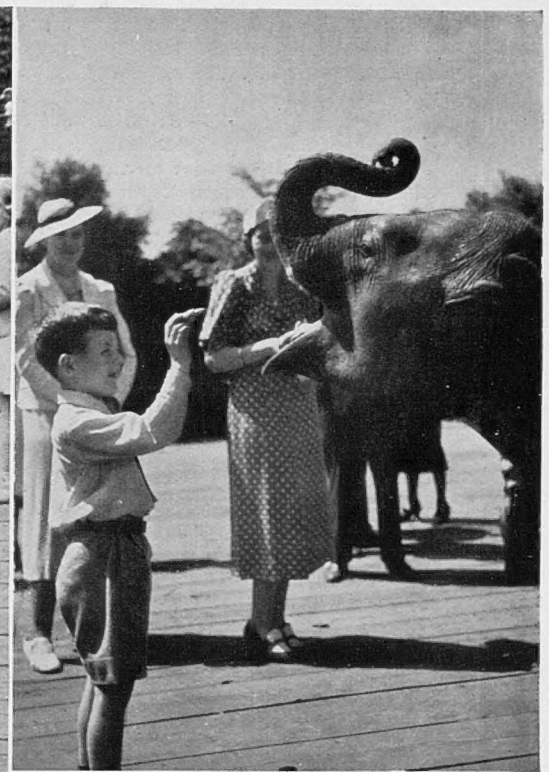
"UNDIGNIFIED": A LITTLE VISITOR  
MAKES FRIENDS WITH A SHELTYE



JUST LIKE A BIG KITTEN: A BABY  
LION IN CLOVER



PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE  
"PETS' CORNER" PONY



TWO YOUNGSTERS GET TOGETHER  
WITH A BUN

## SCENES IN PETS' CORNER, NOW CLOSED BY THE "DIGNIFIED" AUTHORITIES

While admitting that the "Zoo" is the property of the Zoological Society, who are entitled to do as they like with their own, yet one may protest strongly against the closure of "Pets' Corner." Certain Fellows of the Society have inveighed against this, the most delightful feature of the gardens, on the ground that it is "undignified," and therefore it comes to an end. It would be to the credit of those individuals if they could take a less myopic view of their dignity, or, if they are unable to achieve that, at least put the cumbersome attribute in their pockets and think for a few minutes of the children and of the delights of which they seek to deprive them. Dignity is very ill-supported by a curmudgeonly attitude, and the happiness of children cannot impair it



# Racing Ragout "GUARDRAIL" By



AT KEMPTON PARK: MISS ROSAMUND BROUGHTON, MR. D. P. BOWLES AND BARON DE TUYLL

Seen with cards and form-book in action on the day when Captain Boyd-Rochfort sent out Glen Loan to win the Imperial Produce Stakes from Golden Eagle and Radiant. Miss Broughton is Sir Delves Broughton's daughter

into the basis for his most amusing yarns. May the turf lie lightly on a good sportsman and battler!

Racing at Nottingham, while always pleasant and well done, didn't do much to throw light on either of the back-end handicaps. I should personally rule out of court all those that ran in the Cesarewitch trial, and the staying powers of Fairplay are not sufficiently known to say whether the mile race in which Lady of Shallott beat him means anything. As Dan Bulger has not been on a course since Ascot, it is hard to say if the very heavy wagering on him is justified. A three-year-old so often wins it that even in a year when the three-year-olds are so bad one oughtn't to leave them out. I am going to plump for Allegiance as a typical Cambridgeshire horse who has good public form, though I know that our mental homes are crowded out with punters who have tried to get real money on the Cambridgeshire. For the other leg of the double I take Haulfryn as an improving horse, who has not only won the Doncaster Cup, but also won over a mile and a quarter at Newbury. This performance has been rather discounted by the slamming that Flag of Truce got at Newmarket the next week, but it, anyway, shows that Haulfryn has that burst of speed which counts for so much at the end of the gruelling Cesarewitch. Near Relation must have some sort of chance, but it is seldom that a horse really recovers from two hard Cesarewitches, and no horse has ever, so far, won it twice.

A double of Allegiance and Haulfryn should, anyway, be somewhere in the shake-up.

Not so long ago there was slight stable trouble over the question of wages in one training district, but the question of getting strappers at all at almost any wage is becoming a menace in hunting counties. One can hardly blame them. The life is very uncertain; they may be out of work all the summer, and their hours are unlimited, besides which there are less horses kept privately than formerly. The factory worker who finishes midday Saturday till Monday morning has a distinct bulge over the strapper who goes out at 5 p.m.

**I**T is safe to say that every one who knew him will miss Horace Colmore, who died last week. The best of company, he was the most undefeated and cheerful man in adversity, his acute sense of humour turning his most serious blows

in blinding rain on a Saturday evening to fetch in a dog-tired hunter twelve miles in the dark. He may have to "do" the horse when he gets in and spend Sunday drying his kit. A gentleman turned up the other day at my yard for a job, but spurned 45s. a week. As he justly pointed out, with a wife and three children, running for the book he was drawing 48s. a week and saw no object in working to lose 3s. His real object in applying, he said, was to get a new suit of clothes. Having once obtained a dole-drawing costume befitting his station, he proposed to hand in his portfolio!

I had always thought that racing people were inclined to be narrow-minded, that their horizon was limited by their favourite sport, and that they were, for the most part, unable to raise any enthusiasm beyond horses and their doings. Last week at Newmarket I was pleasantly surprised to see what an absorbing interest they nearly all took in yachting and the adventures of Mr. Sopwith's racer. The morning when one of the leading dailies came out in enormous headlines, "SKIPPER'S FULL STORY—ENDEAVOUR I," the newspaper boys nearly got knocked over in the rush.

Last week's Newmarket sales produced a very poor collection of yearlings and prices, and while some were undoubtedly bargains others looked dear at any price. That sentiment is not entirely dead was evidenced when a diminutive equine with a wistful, shamefaced look in its eye, a semi-hogged mane and portion of a tail, was led round the ring. Slowly, almost with tears in his eyes, the auctioneer dragged it up, almost half-guinea by half-guinea. Double figures were reached, and still the fight went on. As the 20 mark was reached there was almost a cheer. Which of the dogged bidders would get it? At 25 guineas it was passed out unsold, and let us hope the owner was duly rejoiced at the prospect of taking the poor mite, which he presumably couldn't bear to part with, home again. Nevertheless, Tommy Pink, bought by that shrewd



AT THE STRATFORD 'CHASES: LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, AND MISS LLOYD THOMAS

Lady Mary Fitz Roy, who is a sister of the late Duke of Grafton, was among those who went to watch "a race or two of ginger" in Shakespeare's home-town

judge, Victor Tabor, and a winner this year of two races, was about the most miserable-looking yearling, I should say, ever exposed for sale in the paddocks. Such widespread interest has been taken in my competition for a name for the yearling by Young Lover - Home Again, and so many admirable names



ALSO AT STRATFORD: MRS. PHILIP DUNNE WITH MAJOR AND MRS. CARLOS CLARKE

Mrs. Carlos Clarke had Harman entered for the Barford Handicap 'Chase, but he did not start. The race was won by Mr. F. H. Sugden's Frankie. Mrs. Philip Dunne is also an owner

(Continued on p. xlv)



# THE BRITISH SPORTSMAN'S

# CLUB LUNCHEON



MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, THE SKATING CHAMPION,  
AND MR. A. PENNINGTON (O.U.A.C.)



LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH  
AND HER SISTER,  
LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY



MR. D. S. MILFORD (WORLD'S OPEN RACKETS  
CHAMPION) AND MISS AUDREY CARTLEDGE



LADY (MALCOLM) CAMPBELL AND LORD DECIES,  
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH SPORTSMAN'S CLUB



THE REV. F. H. GILLINGHAM (THE  
FAMOUS CRICKETER) AND LADY  
EVELYN BEAUCHAMP



MR. A. W. SWEENEY, THE SPRINTER,  
AND MISS PAM BARTON

Lord Decies had every branch of sport represented when he presided at this cheery gathering at the Savoy last week, and the oratory which was on tap was far more effervescent than often is the case. Although Mr. G. O. Allen, England's Test Captain *v.* Australia, told a good story about Duckworth's experiences *v.* Lady Cricketers, the honours really went to Miss M. E. Hide, Captain of the All England Women's Cricket team, and to Miss Pam Barton, our No. 1 golfer of 1936, who regularly rounded on Lord Decies for having sprung a speech on her—but made a very good one, none the less. Other orators who won laurels were Sir Samuel Hoare who, of course, spoke about lawn tennis, though he knows almost as much about skating as Miss Cecilia Colledge, Miss Peggy Scriven and Mr. A. G. K. Brown, President of the Cambridge University A.C. Mr. Pennington, his opposite number at Oxford, is seen above with Miss Cecilia Colledge



SIR SAMUEL HOARE, MRS. R. W. V. ROBINS AND THE RT. HON.  
DOUGLAS HACKING



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



Swaabe

## THE HON. PATRICK AND MRS. BELLEW

A snapshot in his studio taken possibly whilst this amusing artist was doing a bit of work on "Private View" (Arthur Barker, Ltd.), his new book, which is a collection of the sketches with which such a large public is nowadays familiar. There is contained in it one of a gentleman decanted at a tryst of foxhounds, and the legend spoken by an unfeeling on-looker is: "I do wish your father wouldn't keep on doing that!"

"tonic"—are almost invariably those who have, for their own part in life, every reason to be pessimistic. It is the same with books.

I have just finished reading a book, however, which, written in the bright-and-breezy manner, is really breezy and indubitably bright. It is Mr. S. P. B. Mais's autobiography, "All the Days of My Life" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). The publishers call it a "great autobiography," but, like the adolescent "saint" who has had a "vision," I fear they exaggerate. It is really more a most readable book of reminiscences than an autobiography, because an autobiography should surely reveal to us something of the writer's inner life and mental and spiritual development. And there is so little of either in Mr. Mais's story that the last chapter is as a "sop" thrown out to Mrs. Mais and the family for having been mentioned less than following hounds on foot! Such omissions may be too "sacred" for print, but they do make an autobiography something more than a chronicle of events. So it is as a volume of reminiscences we must consider this book and, considered thus, it is the liveliest entertainment. Not that the author has ever done anything staggeringly unusual, but it is the manner in which he relates what he has done which makes his book so readable. It may be all pure journalism, but pure journalism can, and often does, make the liveliest reading.

He has been a schoolmaster at Rossall, at Sherborne, and at Tonbridge; he was Professor of English at the then new R.A.F. Cadet College at Cranwell; he has been a member of the staff of the *Daily*

## A Refreshing Book.

SO much of what is described as the "breezy manner" only creates a horrid draught. "Gusto" is often little else than noise in the Christian-fellowship manner. And if there is anything more infuriating than a hearty slap on the back, I have yet to encounter it! So few people can exude real cheerfulness without making other people believe that sheer pessimism is more comforting; while experience has taught me that the most cheerful people in the world—the people, that is, whose mental and physical influence is as a

*Express* and the defunct *Daily Graphic*, and the *Daily Telegraph*. He has written books. He has broad-cast regularly both here and in America. He has escorted parties to the Continent and around the countryside within the radius of London. He has travelled England and written of his experiences. He has written guide-books and railway brochures. He has played cricket, followed the hunt on foot, lectured all over England and America, met many of the more interesting personalities of literature and stage. In fact, he has joyfully turned his hand to anything which he thought he could do, and once or twice made a good job out of things of which previously he had no experience. Thus he has lived every minute of his life, and even if he has not enjoyed it all he has enjoyed the excitement and the fun of it—which is surely to make the best of this perplexing world. On the whole, it seems to have been a very happy life, though "jolly" would perhaps be the better word. But then, he seems to have met all the events with the gusto of an exciting experience—which at least imparts the impression of happiness without necessarily being so.

He has, of course, had his ups and downs. But the "ups" were due to his own personal merits, and the "downs" to his own outspokenness and unconventionality—two glorious ways of "descending" anyway. It is this outspokenness, this unconventionality, which gives his book of reminiscences its most readable "flair." We see the "inside" working of several schools, several newspaper offices, a Government department, and the B.B.C. None of it is official guide-book information. Authority, perhaps, may regard some of it with a slight frown. But from the reader's point of view it is very interesting. And it is all related in that lively, intimate way which has made Mr. Mais such a general favourite among those who read and those who listen-in.



MR. STUART CLOETE

Mr. Stuart Cloete, whose first novel, "Turning Wheels" (Collins), has been chosen both as a Book Society Selection in England and as a Book-of-the-Month Club choice in America, was soldier (Coldstream Guards) and farmer before he turned novelist. Born in Paris in 1897 and educated at Lancing, he left school when war broke out, served in the Coldstream Guards, was wounded on the Somme, and again in 1918, and finally invalided home. He writes of what he knows, as after the war he went out to the Transvaal to farm cattle, and he spent fifteen years there and managed a ranch of 16,000 acres. The book looks like a certain winner

## Thoughts from "All the Days of My Life."

"Boys are as queer as women, but not so unaccountable. Every man knows that women are incapable of following an argument, but boys who are as sensitive as the most delicate barometer are at the same time capable of the most staggering acts of cruelty."

"There must be discipline in religion as in everything else, but the whole object of organised religion is defeated if services turn worshippers away from, rather than towards, God."

## An Unusually Clever Novel.

I can think of no more difficult background for a story than Australia in 1831, when it was still a land on which to "dump" criminals and there were few romantic features about life there other than the hard existence of the pioneer from sheer necessity. Yet in "Under Capricorn" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), Miss Helen Simpson has succeeded so cleverly in capturing what appears like the authentic atmosphere that all the time I felt as if I were looking at one of those old prints which depict what is now an enormous city as it was when it was merely a huddle of houses and shanties on some low hills beside a river. These old prints come to active life in Miss Simpson's unusual and cleverly designed novel. When the town of Sydney was little more than a large, untidy, straggling village, and its human society was made up in large part by convicts

(Continued on page 58)



## THE PRINCESSES OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ALBANIA



PRINCESS MYZEYEN, FOURTH SISTER  
OF KING ZOG I.



PRINCESS TERÉ, A  
NIECE OF THE KING



PRINCESS RUHIË, FIFTH SISTER  
OF THE KING

Photos. by D'Ora Benda



(LEFT) PRINCESS SENIJË ABID ZOGU



(RIGHT) PRINCESS MAXHIDË

King Zog I. of Albania was proclaimed King in 1928 after having been President since 1925, and he has throughout managed to steer the ship of State, in oftentimes rather stormy seas, with no inconsiderable success. Most of his Majesty's sisters and female relatives spend a good deal of their time in Vienna, and it was there that these pictures were taken. The Princess Myzeyen is very talented, for she writes and sings well, and is also noted for her smart clothes and for knowing how to wear them. The Princess Teré was educated in England, and the Princess Maxhidë paid us a visit in London not long ago, and was often to be seen riding in the Row. The Princess Senijë Abid Zogu married Prince Abid, who is the youngest son of that Monarch who was called "Abdul the Damned"



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

who had served their sentence and were seeking to "make good," "black sheep" of wealthy families in England given "another chance," and the usual diverse assortment of men, with their wives and families, who had come out to "make their fortune." She has made this difficult back-ground a really convincing picture of what must once have been reality.

And in front of it she has told, so to speak, a strangely interesting story, in which two characters stand out brilliantly. One, the beautiful and aristocratic Irish woman who, some years previously, had run away with her groom, had shot a man who was in hot pursuit, and was tied morally to her husband because he had been tried for her crime and had been sent to the penal colony in Australia for a term of years. The other, the immensely capable, jealous, fanatical Milly, who "ran" the whole household and at the same time was secretly plying her mistress with drink so that eventually she should kill herself; doing this partly from religious conviction and partly because she wanted to step into her shoes. These two strange characters haunt the story and haunt the memory when you have come to the end of it. Yet these are only two features in a novel which is as unusual as it is brilliantly clever. Not a "great" novel, perhaps, but an exceedingly good one.

#### Psycho-analysing a Negro.

In "Black Hamlet" (Bles; 10s. 6d.), Dr. Wulf Sachs has written a most interesting as well as a very unusual book. Briefly, it is the account of how he probed into the mind of an African negro of the better type by means of psycho-analysis. Such a revelation offers enormous difficulty, not the least being the difficulty of separating what is true from what is an unconscious deviation from actual fact. But in so far as the Truth can ever be revealed in its entirety by any individual, this "revelation" surely comes very near to the real thing. He writes: "Every psychologist knows now that a mere collecting of answers to questions submitted does not result in an insight into the mind. I believe that under no circumstances can a knowledge of human beings be obtained merely from superficial observation of a limited number of people. Only a study into the depths of the human mind, only an acquaintance with the wide range of desires, conflicts, striving, contradictory and confusing, can give an understanding of Man. And if this applies to the study of those whose language, habits, and daily life are identical with ours, how much more careful must we be in dealing with those who live in entirely different surroundings, who are strangers to us, and whom we approach usually either with masked hostility or unconscious aversion, or with sentimental idealisation and demonstrative friendliness."

Regarding the initial difficulty thus, Dr. Sachs was fortunate in finding a negro of the more intelligent class in John, a witch-doctor, descendant of a line of witch-doctors. It was, indeed, a mutual interest in medicine which first drew them together. It satisfied the "curiosity" of each. It cemented a friendship without which no psychological study could have been accomplished. The result was that "John" gave himself up to Dr. Sachs' psychological experiment,

and thus we have an extraordinary revelation into the mind and "soul" of not only one negro, but to a great extent into the whole negroid mentality. But to obtain this result the doctor had to live more or less the daily existence of the subject he was studying, if only to verify some of the statements. Thus not only does he give us a remarkable revelation into the mind of the African negro, but also a vivid picture of the daily life and habits of the purely negro world, with its sex-life, its hates, prejudices, legends, superstitions, beliefs and ambitions for itself and the whole negro race.

Mostly it is a rather sad bewilderment of ideas; strongly influenced by its inherited race-mentality, yet marked equally strongly by association with white men and their "civilisation." And if John's mental outlook is somewhat like a child's attempt to puzzle out, in combination, these two such contradictory influences, as an object of study it is more interesting still. Politically, the book should be a valuable document towards the understanding of the negro races in South Africa, their ambitions for themselves, the efforts they are making to play their part in the future of mankind as a whole. For those not so politically interested, the book has a great number of most unusual sidelights in character to reveal. Especially into the habits and customs of the negroes; the life they lead among themselves; the potent and ever-present influence which the dead wield in every action and thought of their daily lives. Moreover, the analogy between Hamlet and John is not a strained one. In each the inner tragedy had great resemblance. To each the bewilderment of thought and action, with its vain struggle to merge both into one satisfying line of thought and conduct, is the same. As a psychological study of a negro's character, Dr. Sachs has given us a remarkable and most interesting book.

#### A Delightful Novel.

Were it not for the fact that I might easily, and perhaps with justice, be classed with Eileen—one of the characters in Naomi Jacob's delightful new novel, "The Lenient God" (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.), who had a *cliché* for

every event in life—I might say that this is one of the most refreshing stories you could wish to come across. But "refreshing" it is, simply because it tells quite a simple tale of ordinary folk in a way which seems to introduce you into a real world of real people; characters who, because they are clothed in reality, grip your interest from beginning to end. The back-ground is London, but the spirit is Yorkshire through and through. The hero is an omnibus driver, whose sister and brother work in a London suburb. It is the story of the life of one Bill Warren, who seems to be always a misfit, no matter how he strives to mould himself to circumstances. Even in his one big love-affair there can be no question of marriage. But Bill himself, as well as all the other characters who come into his story, are convincingly lifelike. And the tale is told with humour, with beauty, with shrewdness, but above all with great human understanding. I don't think Miss Jacob has ever written a finer novel.



AUTHOR OF A "SCRAP-BOOK": CECIL BEATON

Cecil Beaton is not only a very well-known photographer, but also an artist with brush and pencil. In "Cecil Beaton's Scrap-Book" he uses the pen with equal facility in witty comment on men, women and affairs. The book is published by Batsford's. Mr. Beaton has left for New York, where he is to do the *décor* of a new play





### AN ENGLISH PRIMA BALLERINA: MARKOVA

*Houston Rogers*

Markova has just set out on a three months' farewell tour before leaving England to join Massine as prima ballerina of the new company which he will form at Monte Carlo in the new year. After their season in the South the company will go to America in the autumn for a prolonged tour. To be chosen as Massine's leading dancer is an unprecedented triumph for an English performer. Markova was discovered by Diaghileff in a London school of dancing at the age of twelve and had an outstanding success all over Europe as a member of his company only two years later. She was the first English dancer to take the leading rôle in a four-act ballet—"Le Lac des Cygnes" with Anton Dolin—and also to take the title-rôle of "Gisette," the most strenuous of all the great classical ballets





AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW  
BURFORD COURSE

Burford Golf Club has been in existence for two years as a nine-hole course and now a new section, to complete the full eighteen, has been brought into play. In this picture, taken at the opening ceremony of the new part of the course, are: J. H. Turner (Frilford Heath), E. W. H. Kenyon (Beaconsfield), S. Turner (Burford) and T. Green (Burnham Beeches), four well-known professionals who took part in an exhibition foursome

EVERY year, with painful regularity, golf finds its way into the news columns through the utterance of some distinguished gentleman unconnected with the game. One year it is a bishop who announces that all golfers are bores—whereupon the Little Men rise in their hundreds with angry denunciations to the Editor; in another, it may be a Leader of Contemporary Christian Thought who declares that golf on the Sabbath is unmoral. Whatever it may be, the controversy is usually good "copy" for upwards of a week. Now we have Mr. T. Mitchell-Fox assailing us with a few home truths in the course of his speech to the Osteopathic Society of Great Britain. And home truths they are—make no mistake—though one Sunday paper took the trouble to deny them in a serious and pontifical Editorial.

Mr. Mitchell-Fox annoyed the boys by saying that golf as an exercise is valueless, for the very simple reason that any good it might do the player is dissipated forthwith at the "nineteenth" hole. Now this is deplorable, for it strikes at the very root of the Average Golfer's most cherished illusion, namely, that although his handicap shows no sign of improvement, the exercise does him good. On the contrary, says the osteopath, it does no such thing: he is probably playing at week-ends, unprepared for any sudden athletic activity, with the result that his temper is frayed, he hits like fury—and something happens. And even if it does not, well; it is only the old case of the Turkish bath over again: one glass of cold water will put on in five minutes what has just been lost by four hours of cooking.

A characteristic denial came, of course, from J. H. Taylor, who, hand on heart, uttered "What proved nonsense! Life insurance figures show that the age of a golfer is prolonged by exercise." I suppose they do, do they? Though I can hardly see how one can tell. A man may play golf and live to eighty, but that is no reason why he should not have lived to ninety if he had only kept off it.

## CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

Still, that's enough of that. Let us change to the agreeable task of telling those readers who have not been to that rather out-of-the-way spot what a charming golf course is St. Enodoc, in North Cornwall. The climate is a little relaxing at first to the newcomer, and one admits to a silent wish that one could perhaps go round the gigantic sandhills instead of over them, but the scenery is so alluring, with the sea bluer than the Mediterranean and a deal more clean, and the golf so robust and natural, that one soon forgets such chicken-hearted considerations.

The caddies, too, are highly individualistic, with views of their own which they do not hesitate to express. One huge fellow, a local fisherman, was asked by a friend of mine during the recent English Women's Championship, how he was getting on with the lady for whom he was carrying. "Well," he said, "we did have a bit of a dust-up the first day on the thirteenth—but she's all right now." It transpired that the good lady, exasperated at missing her putt, had thrown her club across the green. Later she was rash enough to tell the caddie to pick it up—but she did not know her man. She had thrown it there, he said, and she could—well, go and pick it up. In an awkward silence she had to walk all the way back across the green and do so. Still, I don't expect she will ever throw one again.

It is, in my opinion, one of the primary secrets of the game that golf is played, or at any rate the golf swing is directed, by the hands. I believe that every movement of the rest of the body should follow passively from conscious action on the part of the hands. Stand close to Henry Cotton and you cannot fail to see what I mean. Miss Wanda Morgan won this championship, and will win many more, largely because she has the strength and the sense to let her hands lead the rest of her body. She stood out head and shoulders from the rest of the field—to the discomfiture of the amateur bookmakers,



PRACTICE FOR THE LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES:  
LADY KATHARINE CAIRNS AND MISS SHEILA GIBBS

An example of opposing styles of dress for the game of "gowf." The wearers were putting in a practice round at Ranelagh before the opening of the Ladies' Autumn Foursomes promoted by "The Bystander" on that famous course and at Roehampton

who had laid 8 to 1 against her—by reason of the smoothness and unity of her swing, which remains quite unshaken by any crisis. Indeed, almost the highest compliment one can pay her is to repeat the remark of a spectator during one of her less efficient rounds: "Do you know, I think she is swinging too slowly." Not many of us, I fear, will ever live to have that said about us in a championship!

Finally, yet another word of congratulation to Charles Whitcombe, who was the hero of a pleasing ceremony at his home club, Crews Hill, the other day, when he was presented with the Harry Vardon Trophy for having the best average of the season. Over twenty-four competitive rounds he averaged 71.62. Congratulations, too, to the Professional Golfers' Association for commemorating their most distinguished member in this eminently sensible way. The Vardon Trophy will live as long as professional golf survives.



# GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## THE YORK GOLF CLUB, STRENSALL—By "MEL"

The club of the famous city is really quite close to the ancient walls, only a matter of about six miles out, a mere nothing in these times, and not much more in about 1890, when the club was first founded at Knavesmire. The original site was not ideal, as it was subject to all the disadvantages of land open to the public—passers-by, cattle, and such-like. The move to Strensall was therefore very welcome to everyone. Throughout all the negotiations for the new course the club had a firm friend in that distinguished soldier, Lt.-Gen. Sir Leslie Rundle, the then G.O.C.-in-C., Northern Command. Ever since then the President of the Club has been the G.O.C. The present one is that great pig-sticking celebrity, Sir Alexander Wardrop, whose other name is "Kadir."

Although flat, the York course is full of variety and is beautifully kept and in pleasant surroundings

NEXT WEEK: MOORTOWN G.C., LEEDS

## THE CLYDE-ROBERTSON WEDDING

At the Reception held at 23, Knightsbridge

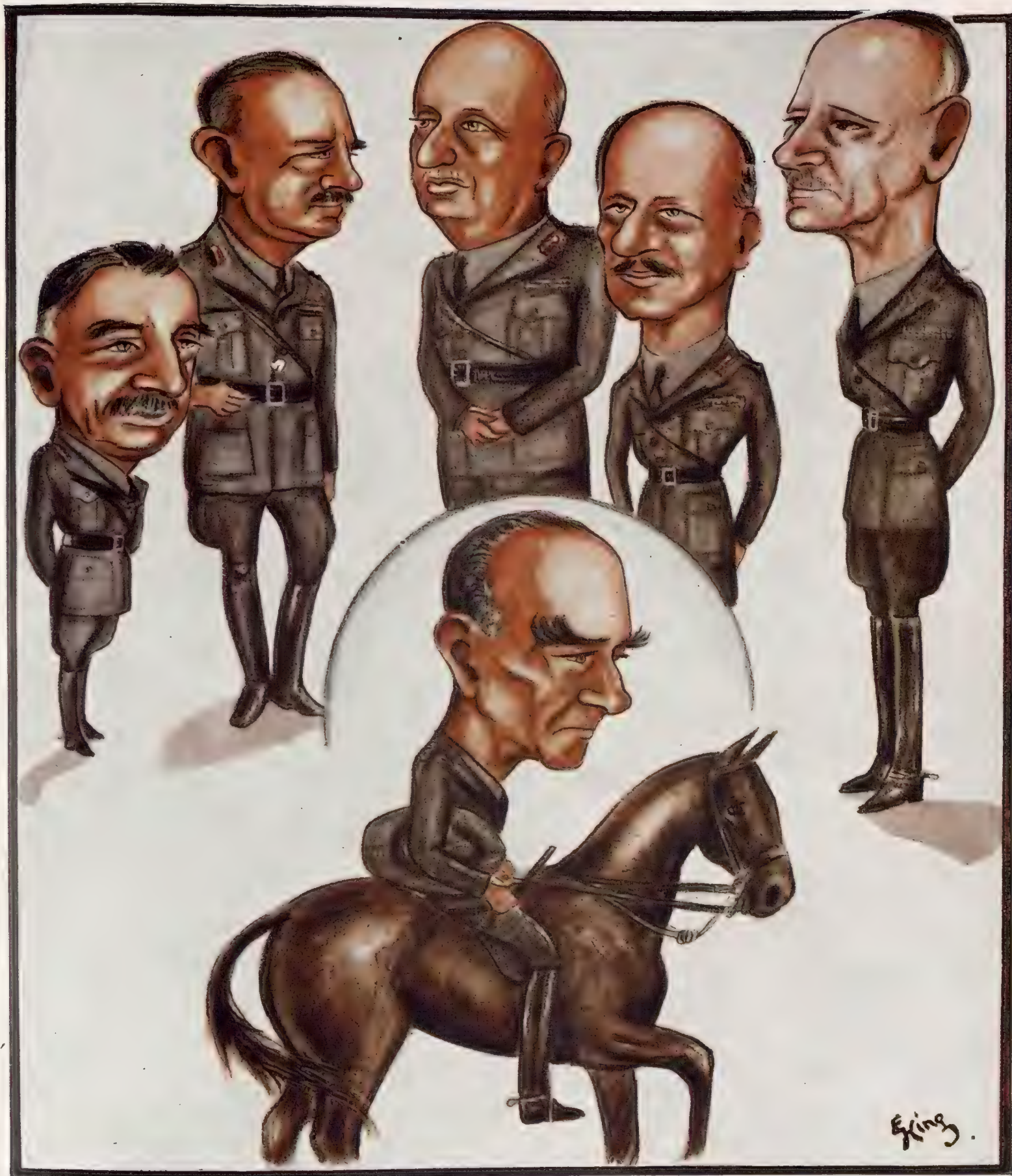
THE SMILING BRIDE  
AND BRIDEGROOM

The marriage of Mr. W. P. Clyde, elder son of Mr. W. P. Clyde and Mrs. Allan Kyle, to Miss Rosemary Robertson, only daughter of the late Lieut. - Colonel Frank Robertson, The Black Watch, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, last week. The bridegroom, "Billy" to his friends, is an Olympic ski-er, and fellow celebrities of the winter-sporting world were among many well-wishers at the reception

WINTER SPORTING CELEBRITIES: MR. "PADDY"  
GREEN, MISS TOTO KOOPMAN AND MR. CLEAVERMRS. WILLIAM RHODES-MOORHOUSE WITH  
MRS. PHIPPS AND LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNEMRS. CLIVE DAWSON  
AND MRS. LAWRENCEMRS. GORDON AND HER DAUGHTER,  
MISS GLORIA GORDONCHOOSING WEDDING PICTURES:  
THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHERMISS DU BOULAY WITH MR. TOMMY  
PITMAN AND HIS BROTHER DEREKMR. NIGEL SEELY SITS BACK WITH MRS. JOHN  
MUSKER AND LADY BRIDGETT POULETT

Lightning camera-work is now a great feature of all big weddings, and at the Clyde-Robertson wedding reception at 23, Knightsbridge, the usual flood of photographs arrived almost as soon as the guests. Mrs. Allan Kyle, the bridegroom's attractive mother, made her own particular selection. In the next picture to her are the wife and daughter of Colonel William Gordon, V.C., and further along Mrs. Clive Dawson, whose husband is one of the tallest members of Boodles, is seen talking to the former Miss Susan Addis, wife of Colonel "Rollie" Lawrence, who is Sir Walter Lawrence's son and heir. Mr. "Paddy" Green and Mr. "Mouse" Cleaver are two of the bridegroom's ski-ing friends; the former raced for his "Varsity" and "Mouse" for Great Britain. Mrs. William Rhodes-Moorhouse is Sir Stephen Demetriadi's daughter and Lady Doughty-Tichborne was formerly Miss Antonia Snagge. Mr. Tommy and Mr. Derek Pitman, seen with Miss Suzanne du Boulay, are Old Etonian cousins of Mr. "Billy" Clyde





### ARMY HEADQUARTERS IN INDIA: SIMLA, 1937

An artist's impressions of the Great War Lords whom a famous poet disrespectfully lumped in with the "Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels." Of course, Tin Hats are not the same as Tin Gods. As to the names, in circle: His Excellency General Sir Robert Cassels, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., Commander-in-Chief in India. Top (left to right): General Sir William Bartholomew, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., late Chief of General Staff; Major-General N. C. Bannatyne, C.B., C.I.E., Military Secretary; Lieut.-General Sir John Brind, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Adjutant-General; General Sir Henry Ap Rhys Price, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Master-General of the Ordnance; Lieut.-General Sir Arthur Moens, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Quartermaster-General. As India is never really at peace A.H.Q. is always very busy and has no chance of getting rusty



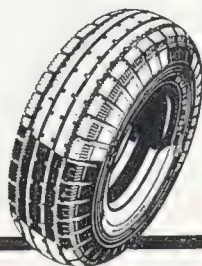


FAMOUS FORTS

CONWAY CASTLE

Built by Edward I as a Royal Castle to help quell uprisings by the troublesome Welsh of that period

The fair face of Britain was studded in former days with forts, dominant and impregnable. Today an overwhelming majority of British motorists wisely put their cars, their comfort, their comrades of the road and their sense of economy in the safe keeping and dependable stronghold of

**DUNLOP**

**Fort TYRES**





#### LADY LEWTHWAITE—A RECENT PORTRAIT

*Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street*

The only daughter of Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clark and the late Captain Struan Robertson Kerr-Clark, married Sir William Lewthwaite in 1936, and they live in a charming seat, Broadgate, near Broughton-in-Furness, Cumberland. Lady Beatrice Kerr-Clark is Lord Drogheda's only sister, and her husband, who was in the Seaforth Highlanders, was killed in action at the battle of Loos, in 1915. Lady Lewthwaite was the only child and was born posthumously. She is said to be very fond of equitation in all its branches, a not uncommon predilection in these times when the horse is supposed to be vanishing so rapidly from the face of the earth. Probably more people in England ride these days than at almost any time in the history of this land



# Priscilla in Paris

PARIS is a city of amusing uncertainty, Très Cher. Nothing ever happens twice running the same way, and since contrast is the salt of life, this is rather pleasing. One evening we turn out in our Beautiful Bests for a Sacha Guitry *première*, while the evening that follows finds the same crowd, in its Werry Worst, at another theatre. No one knows why. It just happens. Of course, in both cases there are always those people who manage to turn up at dress affairs wearing tweeds and jumpers, and appear in full dress at a 10 a.m. film trade-show! In this case our Worst was still too good, since we were bidden to the *répétition générale* of the French-version-of-the-German-version of what was once *The Beggar's Opera*, and we thought it well to dress down to the underworld level. I wonder what Arnold Bennett, who wrote in his diary—June 1925—that the revival at that date in London was “an affair of prodigious enthusiasm” and “one of the most wonderful entertainments” he had ever seen, would think of the present *Opéra de Quat' Sous*?

It would have been fairer to say that this version is merely the stage adaptation of the German film (based on John Gay's work) that was banned in England. It follows the film very faithfully and has small kinship with the original musical play that so delighted Arnold Bennett and thousands of other English spectators at the Hammersmith Theatre, and that had a *succès d'estime* here in Paris when an English company played it for a short season at the Tréteau Royale. We did not go in off the deep end with our boots on, as London did, but we found it *tout à fait charmant* and *extrêmement Britannique*! The names grouped under the title of the present production do not suggest a British atmosphere, for they are distinctly *Mittel Europa*, and we refused, despite our old clothes, even to paddle in the shallows. Mme. Walter, MM. Aufrecht, de Mendelssohn, Bermann, Selmar Meyrowitz, Kurt Weill and Bert Brecht are some of those who are responsible for the *Opéra de Quat' Sous*—or, if you prefer, “Tuppenny Opera”—on which I would not spend a single *sou* for a seat, much less one penny at the present rate of exchange.

I have a certain liking for the film, which is still being shown in Paris, and it certainly lives up to Arnold Bennett's description of the original work—“daring and bawdy, with robust ideas about life”—but the stage version is merely dreary, ugly and melancholy where it ought to be exciting, hideous and thrilling. Kurt Weill's modern music is an asset, without doubt, but we have heard it, in the canned state, too often. Add to this that it was sung by people whose business is acting and not singing, while the only singer in the cast, Mme. Yvette Guilbert, who played the part of Mrs. Peachum, had next to nothing to sing, and you will understand my lack of enthusiasm.

I fear that Marlene Dietrich, who was present at this *première*, must have had a very poor impression of what Paris can do in this line. The show was bad, the “house” was dowdy, and the manners of a good third of the audience were vile. People crowded round her box, and when she left at the end of the show—for she was long-suffering enough to remain to the end—they crushed round her till she was forced to wait, with her back to the wall, till her escort was reinforced. Thanks be that a few days later she lunched with Mme. Colette and was allowed to enjoy her *goulash*



Lipnitski  
CEDIPUS—COCTEAU: IYA, LADY ABDY  
AT THE THÉÂTRE ANTOINE

Jean Cocteau's “*Cedipus*” was short-lived, being designed more for the pains-takingly high-brow section of the public than for mere ordinary people like ourselves. A famous designer was responsible for the dress, although its character may not be authentically Theban

in peace at the little Hungarian restaurant that is near the Madeleine.

La Dietrich enjoyed that luncheon, for Mme. Colette is a wonderful woman to meet and a brilliant and amusing *causeuse* when she is interested in the person to whom she is speaking. She was delighted with the German star, and when I saw her next evening at the *première* of René Rocher's delightful production of *Le Mariage de Figaro* at the Vieux Colombier she told me how charming, intelligent and well-read she found Marlene Dietrich to be, and this, methinks, is mud-in-the-eye for all those who affect to believe that this very lovely film-star is amongst the nit-wits.

A star cast is playing *Beaumarchais* at the Vieux Colombier, accompanied by the Casadessus chamber orchestra of *instruments anciens*, and this is something not to be

missed by those who come over to see the “Expo” 1937, which started like a damp squib, go out in a blaze of glory all Catherine-wheel a-whirling. The crowd at the “Expo” has to be seen—and felt—to be believed, and one thanks the powers-that-be for having made Fridays a gala day, with increased price of entrance. Another crowded spot is “Le Paris” cinema, since the Duchess of Windsor went there and was seen to weep over the woes of la Garbo in Hollywood's version of *La Dame aux Camélias*. All the *midinettes* of Paris gather outside the Meurice to see their Prince Charming and his lady go in and out and to cheer them wildly. This, I think, is extremely touching and almost brings a tear to the old eyelash.

PRISCILLA.



Intran  
LUCIENNE BOYER, OF “PARLEZ-MOI D'AMOUR”

Lucienne Boyer found her ladder to fame in the charming number “*Parlez-moi d'amour*,” and has followed it up with great success in “*La Belle Saison*,” her first appearance in musical comedy, at the Marigny. She is supported in this by the clever duettists Pills and Tabet, and the show is playing to crowded houses



## SCREEN FACES—REAL AND ASSUMED



HELEN ERICKSON



JOAN BLONDELL

(BELOW, ON RIGHT) SPENCER TRACY  
MAKES FACES AT LUISE RAINER

Here are some samples from the Californian beauty-bin. Helen Erickson is a recruit from the New York stage ; she is to be seen shortly with Eddie Cantor in "Ali Baba Goes to Town" (where, presumably, he meets with forty thieves—a very meagre allowance for most towns !). This is a Twentieth Century-Fox production : the date of its showing here is not yet communicated. Joan Blondell's latest film for Warner Bros. is "Angle-Shooter." Since making this there has been a spot of bother, for she objected, perhaps fairly naturally, to a part in a film concerning women-wrestlers—a form of activity which could well be omitted from the scope of any public entertainment ! Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer were resting between shots of "Big City," a M.-G.-M. picture concerning a taxi-cab "war." Tracy seems to be trying out some of the Hapsburg-lip he-man stuff on the lady. She, it will be remembered, was one of the outstanding players in "The Good Earth"





## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By  
ALAN BOTT

*Antics in  
Arcady*



MORE OR LESS GRECIAN :  
ROY ROYSTON, LOUISE  
BROWNE, GAVIN GORDON



BANDITS OF SORTS :  
(FROM LEFT) RICHARD  
HEARNE, LESLIE HEN-  
SON, FRED EMNEY

ENTER Leslie Henson, bandit, grinning horribly after escape from death, but ready to cheat anybody from a best friend to a fellow-robber who is so fierce that he bites other people's nails. Enter Fred Emney, wearing above the white skirt of Greek banditry the familiar top-hat and the flat and massive countenance upon which the shock of Judgment Day itself could write no expression. And enter Richard Hearne, as an opera singer held to Arcadian ransom for years and still liking it.

In place of plot, two-thirds of *Going Greek* is preposterous invention to feature these preposterous three. Their Grecian odyssey in quest of golden fleecing turns Hearne into a ghost, which is convenient for his leap-frogs and terrific frog-leaps, and Henson into the operatic singer, whereby (since his own voice renders asthma rather than *Aïda*) he mouths an aria to a hidden gramophone, with splendid results until a soprano joins in and the needle gets stuck on one wailing note. Other disguises turn Henson into balloon-seller (and therefore Emney into balloon-buster), ice-cream tricyclist, corps de ballet *coryphée* and ready-made father of three young acrobats. A further turn of the frantic wheel, and the trio are schoolboys, slick at *viva voce* in such general knowledge as that the Royal Mint is what the King puts on roast lamb, and that little boys who tell lies get jolly good jobs in the Foreign Office. There is business with bombs, pistols, cricket-bats, conkers and a wedding-cake worn as a head-dress.

It is that kind of a show, like all the other shows in which Mr. Henson produces Henson, Hearne and Emney in perfectly timed slapstick. The slapstick has its inspired moments, is sometimes brilliant, often startling, mostly hilarious, and frequently whiskered. It is *Ragoût Henson*, well seasoned with pseudo-Attic salt. The *décor* includes Miss Louise Browne and Mr. Roy Royston for moderately sentimental song and acceptable dance—better than acceptable in the case of Miss Browne's Greek ballet, if only because it becomes the subject for a Dionysiac burlesque by Mr. Hearne. Miss Mary Lawson is a pert soubrette; Mr. Gavin Gordon is adept



## Slapstick All the Way



DENTAL OCCASION: (ABOVE) MOLLY FISHER, ARTY ASH, ARTHUR RIGBY, JUNR., STANLEY LUPINO

at melodious ferocity; Mr. John E. Coyle wins applause with odd wheezing. The tunes are few but fervently plugged. The Debroy Somers Band, while no more Æolian than the show is Ionian, is at any rate rousing, not to say roof-raising. The theatre is the Gaiety.

**CRAZY DAYS**, at the Shaftesbury, achieves the impossible: it is more preposterous than *Going Greek*. Three-quarters of it consists of grotesque incident featuring Stanley Lupino and his fellow-comics in a house infested by bogus tenants, imitation ghosts and packets and packets of stolen bank-notes. An earth-bound spirit obliges Mr. Lupino to eat flowers and candles, step over invisible corpses and strum resonant notes on a non-existent guitar. Elsewhere an angry baronet, bereft of his false teeth, uses fierce gesture and eloquent mumbling to inform a duchess that she is a cow. There is business with trap-doors, sliding panels, revolving fireplaces, disappearing whisky bottles, torn trousers, tumbling into cellars and tumbling down with tea-trays. It is that sort of show, like all the other shows written and produced by (and in particular for) Stanley Lupino. With slapstick, slapstick all the way, it is the lowest of lowbrow musical comedies and little the worse for it. Here, also, the slapstick has some inspired moments and is always hilarious; and though the whiskers on various jokes and situations extend into two-pronged beards, they are neatly trimmed and combed. "The definition of the word slapstick," says Mr. Lupino on his programme, "means a roll of brown paper used by clowns in past years to slap the nether end of a fellow artiste, thereby raising a laugh." I can do no more than record that laughs are raised at the rate of one a minute when Lupino does his stuff for the seemingly untired business man in front, even though he has given up acrobatics and sings only in a single sextet. Messrs. Leo Franklyn, Fred Conyngham, Arthur Rigby, Junr. (who is devastating in the lost-teeth episode), Arty Ash, Wyn Weaver and Dick Francis are expert at following their comic leader. The accessory sentiment, in despite of Miss Marjorie Browne's good looks, is flat and fatuous. Miss Gloria Day dances with verve and engaging brio. The tunes are few but pleasant.

(RIGHT) FRED CONYNTHAM,  
MARJORIE BROWNE



DICK FRANCIS,  
DORIS ROGERS

GLORIA DAY

LEO FRANKLYN



# Pictures in the Fire

someone who is only too obviously a great specialist have not escaped the attention of those who still have the nerve and the ambition left to indulge in this "Yoicks wind 'im! Yoicks push 'im up!" business. It is axiomatic that the heavier the weight the heavier it falls, and though a certain amount of adipose may act as some sort of a shock-absorber, you dare not gamble upon its being capable of completely counteracting the force of impact. Some people, no doubt, suggest that they would bounce like a football: but the hard fact to be faced is that, in practice, they do not, and it is for this reason that our kindly mentor's words should be so carefully weighed.

No better course can be followed than to purloin some of the general

directions. Here is one of them, with italics (inserted by me), the adviser—who, I gather, is a lady—having far too much delicacy to lay the necessary emphasis upon the directions:

"Sit on the floor with the feet flat and knees bent. Clasp the arms around the knees, rock backwards until you are lying with your back flat against the floor. Return to starting position, and repeat vigorously half-a-dozen times.

"Lie flat on the back with the knees bent and feet on the floor. Now twist the knees to the left, rolling them right over so that they touch the floor. Do a similar movement rolling to the right, and touch the floor again. *Rolling must be done only from the waist, keeping the upper part of the body flat.*"

So far, so good; but that is not all. You must later proceed to "twist the lower part of the body from side to side," and then after

## A FREE FORESTERS XI. IN INDIA: THE TEAM AGAINST THE COMBINED SERVICES, KARACHI

The Free Foresters play two series of matches a year in India, one in the Punjab and one at Karachi or Quetta. The Karachi series started in 1927: For the last two years H.E. Sir Lancelot Graham, Governor of Sind, has been host to the two teams and has taken a great interest in the match. The names in the above picture are:

(Seated) Wing Commander R. E. G. Fulljames, G. N. R. Morgan, Lt.-Col. C. B. Rubie (capt.), H.E. Sir Lancelot Graham, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Col. R. E. Vyvyan, Major D. D. Gracey. (Standing) P. C. Williams, Capt. W. B. Wilberforce, R. G. Lascelles, N. J. Wilson, Capt. M. V. Wright, and W. G. Young

UNLESS the light or the printing of the block is at fault in a recently published group displaying the late Tsar of Russia when Tsarevitch, he must have managed to grow a beard very quickly between Bombay and Calcutta, for he most certainly had one when he arrived in the then capital of India, and it was this beard that in no small measure heightened his resemblance to H.M. the late King George V. of England.

With the hunting season coming on apace, the question of weights and measures must be a matter of crucial concern to many, and therefore I hope that some extremely useful wrinkles from



## AT A LONDON DRESS SHOW

Miss Jeanne Stourton wore one of the out-size halo hats and sat next to Mrs. Charles Sweeny, whom she greatly resembles, when fashion's latest vagaries were paraded at Maggy Rouff's dress show. Miss Stourton is godmother to Mrs. Sweeny's baby daughter, Frances Helen



## THE NAVY PLAYS POLO IN TALARA, PERU

The occasion of the picture was the game after the presentation of a ship's bell by H.M.S. Exeter to the Talara Polo Club, which is a most excellently run little show for which Mr. Charles Kindersley is in the main responsible. Included in the group are:

Lt.-Comdr. T. Hill-Walker (Exeter), Mr. W. White (Talara), Lt.-Comdr. F. M. Beasley (Exeter), F. Neville (Talara), Captain G. W. Ross, R.M. (Exeter), Surgn.-Comdr. J. Cussen (Exeter), Dr. L. Fraser (Talara), and Mr. Charles Kindersley (Talara)



## By "SABRETACHE"

that get a rubber roller and "place it behind your back, grasp the handles firmly at each end and roll briskly up and down. Move the roller round to the side and roll from the waist down to the thighs. Do this first on one side and then on the other."

This is all very splendid, I feel sure, but what do you do to the other parts of your frame? The fire seems to be focussed all upon one spot.

You can search Peter Beckford's "Thoughts Upon Hunting" through and through, and you will not find anything as useful as this. There is one other rather good tip, and with all this talk about the Health Campaign going on, I do not think anyone ought to be left in ignorance of it. The tip is this: "Don't eat so much!" So many people wonder why they are too fat and so lethargic, and never seem to have any idea that if they cut their rations down by one-half they would cease to suffer. Over-eating is quite as devastating as over-drinking.

If you, being an owner, had a horse in a handicap, and, when the weights came out, found that he had at least 3 stone the worst of it, would you run him, even if you were one of those optimists who think that getting him beaten often enough is the best way in which to get him in at a weight which will ensure his being home and dried even before the tapes go up? You would strike him out, surely, unless you were one of those who are on the wrong side of the walls of Hanwell without being aware of the fact. And yet, apparently, there are quite a lot of people who want John Bull to run "Rule Britannia" under exactly these conditions and who seem to believe that this gallant old trier might just fluke it. The second best general the world has ever known wrote in his deathless "Maximes De Guerre": "To operate

from directions wide apart between which there is no direct communication is a fault which generally leads to others." Hannibal's runner-up also remarked: "The most important secret in war is to make oneself master of the communications. . . . One ought never to yield up one's line of communication, but to know how to change it is one of the most skilful manoeuvres of the art of war." If your project is connected with an operation wide apart from your base, even if one link in your sole line of communication and supply can be snapped—then, surely, it is a very futile project indeed? And yet some people seem to believe that it is not futile.  
(Contd. on p. xx)



A NORFOLK PARTRIDGE SHOOT: SIR THOMAS COOK'S PARTY AT SENNOWE PARK, NORFOLK

Partridges have been patchy this year, strongylosis having wrought much havoc in many parts of England. The figure of the bag on this occasion is not available, however, and this is, let us hope, one of the estates which have been lucky.

In the group are:

Standing: Mr. S. Gurney, Commander Bertram Jones, Mr. C. B. Norman, Sir Thomas Cook, M.P., Capt. S. Van Neck (Chief Constable of Norfolk), Mr. C. V. Feat, M.P., the Hon. E. de Y. Bateson. Seated: Colonel W. N. Arnold, Mrs. W. N. Arnold, Lady Cook, Miss A. Crawley, Mrs. C. V. Feat, and Lord Suffield



H.M.S. "EXETER" GIVES THE TALARA POLO CLUB A SHIP'S BELL

Commodore H. H. Harwood made a presentation of a warship's bell, seen in the picture, to the members of the Talara Polo Club from the R.N. Polo Association, and Mr. Charles Kindersley, one of the founders with Mr. Charles Iddings, returned thanks. In the picture are:  
L. to r.: Commodore H. H. Harwood, Mr. Charles Kindersley, Mr. J. Courtney Forbes, H.B.M.'s Minister to Peru, Surgn.-Comdr. J. Cussen, Captain G. W. Ross, R.M., and Lt.-Comdr. F. M. Beasley



A CONTRAST IN HATS

Mrs. Roxana van Rensselaer, sporting a Spanish sombrero, and Mrs. J. B. Paget, in an eighteenth-century tricorne, at a dress show. Mrs. Paget is the popular wife of Major "Jack" Paget, of Ibstock Place. Mrs. van Rensselaer has been a Leicestershire regular for several years



## THE PORTMAN'S SHROTON MEET



MRS. GEOFFREY RICHARDS AND MISS PAT KELLY



MISS CICELY BOWER ON A GOOD-LOOKER



MARY GILMAN AND MISS PEGGY COATES



Charles E. Brown

MRS. W. P. BROWNE, WIFE OF THE JOINT-MASTER,  
AND JEREMY, ONE OF THEIR SONS

The Portman's Shroton Fair cubbing meet is an institution of very ancient origin, possibly dating back to Farquharson days, and above are a few of the field, which is usually on the big side. The general order of things is to ride real horses in the morning on the breezy uplands and in the afternoon dummy ones on the merry-go-rounds. The photographer shoots the field in the morning and it goes to the coconut shies in the afternoon. Of those in the pictures, Mrs. Geoffrey Richards is a former Joint-Master of the Old Berks, and the lady on the likely-looking grey is Miss Cicely Bower, daughter of Canon Bower, Rector of Childe Okeford. Little Mary Gilman is a niece of the literary Master of the Cattistock, Mr. A. Henry Higginson, and Mrs. W. P. Browne is the wife of one of the Portman Masters, Captain W. P. Browne, who has been connected with the Portman on and off since 1920

(ON LEFT) MRS. J. WILSON AND MRS. DE BOINVILLE





*DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE* by EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883). Manet was born in Paris and entered Couture's studio at the age of 19. Though his independence infuriated his master and his pictures were constantly rejected by the Salon, he soon galbered a group of painters round him, Whistler and Fantin-Latour among them. In 1863, when Napoleon III ordered the establishment of a Salon des Refusés, Manet's "*Déjeuner sur l'herbe*," which afterwards exercised a tremendous influence on Cézanne, was its scandal and success. It is reproduced, by permission, from the painting in the Louvre.



**T**HIS picture caused a public scandal when it was first exhibited in 1863. Actually, of course, it was people's conservatism that was outraged—not their moral or æsthetic sensibilities. With an idealised dryad substituted for the artist's model and a classically naked Bacchus and Silenus for these rather overdressed picnickers, the group would probably have been hailed as a masterpiece. The real offence of the picture was that it stood for something new: and at that time whatever was new was certain to be opposed. Later in the century scientific innovations, such as the first telephones and motor cars, were attacked with the same conservative fury. Nowadays, fortunately, we are better tuned to progress. Eight years ago, for instance, when the revolutionary Aga Cooker was introduced, people were quick to appreciate its advantages: its cream and chromium cleanliness; guaranteed maximum fuel consumption; readiness for work by day and night and gift of meeting cooks three-quarters of the way. Already this cooker has brought a new reign of comfort and good temper to more than twenty thousand kitchens.

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## THE END OF

By J. LEIGH





THE QUEUE  
EMBERTON



*'Lovely new Twin Set—  
Braemar, I bet'*

*'Well, darling  
you can't  
exactly have the  
monopoly of  
the smartest  
sportswear'*

The lady on the left is wearing a Braemar sports sweater in Pure Botany Wool. This has comfortable roll collar and small breast pocket. It costs 21/-. Her twin friends are wearing a Braemar Twin Set. This is in Pure Indian Cashmere. The jumper has a boat neck and long sleeves and the cardigan buttons up to the neck. It is knitted in an attractive basket stitch. The cardigan costs 42/6 and the jumper costs 34/6. If you would like to see other Braemar styles with range of prices write to the makers (the address is below) for the charming new autumn booklet. They will also send you the name of your nearest retailer.

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# A DAY'S RACING

# IN COUNTY KILDARE



AT NAAS RACES: CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHARLES WINTER AND LADY NELSON



MADAME O'MAHONY AND LADY BROOKE



SMILIN' THROUGH: W. T. O'GRADY, MAJOR C. MITCHELL AND MRS. A. H. WATT



MR. JUSTICE AND MRS. WYLIE HOLD A WATCHING BRIEF



MISS ALMA BROOKE, MISS JOY O'RORKE, MAJOR E. M. CONOLLY AND CAPTAIN LAURISTON ARNOTT



MRS. ROBINSON AND MISS CLODAGH KENNEDY

In the old times Naas would have been flooded by Horse, Fut and Dhragoons from the Curragh, but nowadays British Sojer Officers are only "visitors" on these merry occasions. The hunting people, however, from round and about and from Westmeath away north took care that the paddock did not look deserted. It was flat and jumping mixed, and backers did not get off on the right leg, as in the first contest, the Athgarrett Hurdle Race, the favourite, "Silver Salt," got beaten by his own stable companion, "Panda." Masters of hounds, present and past, were much in evidence. Captain Charles Winter, ten seasons Master and huntsman of the Westmeath, is seen above, and that eminent and hard-punching Judge Wylie is seen below. He has been Master of the Ward for twelve seasons, and still goes as if he had a spare neck in every pocket. - Major Mitchell is one of the Committee which hunts the Kildare hounds, and Mrs. A. H. Watt, who is in the same group, is the wife of the Master of the United. Madame O'Mahony is the wife of The O'Mahony; Sir Francis Brooke, whose wife is with her, is one of the Kildare Committee. Miss Clodagh Kennedy, seen with her sister, is to be married to Lord Jocelyn about the middle of this month



## COUNTRY LIFE

The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid and Her Sons at Home in Cambridgeshire



THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID GOES CLIMBING FOR FUN



WITH THE MARX BROTHERS: MICHAEL, THE ELDER SON OF THE HOUSE



THE HALL, SIX-MILE BOTTOM

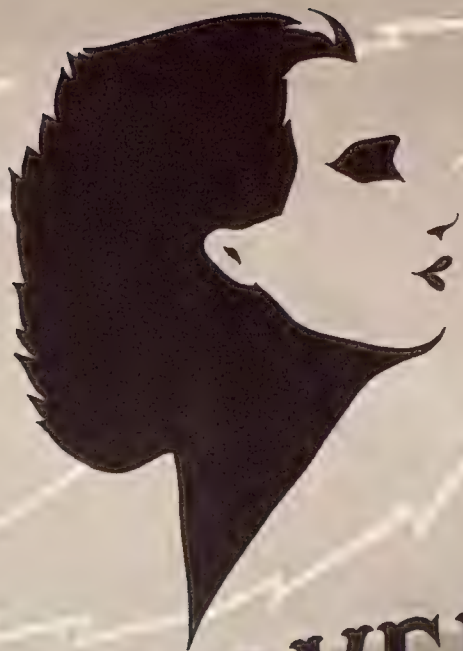
Time and again Press cameras have been refused the entrée to the Hall, Six-Mile Bottom, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's country house near Newmarket, so it was a great concession when special permission was granted for the taking of these pleasant pictures. Lord Mount-Temple's younger daughter devotes a lot of time to her two boys, Michael and Noel, joining zestfully in whatever is the popular occupation of the moment. Sometimes it's tree-climbing; at others, a brisk family bicycling party, with a spill or two as part of the fun. Dogs also play a large part. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid's Golden Labrador, seen on the right, is called "Peggy," and has won dozens of prizes. Michael's armful of young Dachshunds answer to the film-famous names of Groucho, Chico, and Harpo. When in London the Cunninghams-Reids live at 12, Upper Brook Street, and they are often to be found there, by reason of his political duties as M.P. for St. Marylebone. Just now their partridge-shooting—some of the best in England—is keeping them in Cambridgeshire



COME WHEEL, COME WHOA: THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID AND HER WOULD-BE TRICK-CYCLIST SONS, MICHAEL (RIGHT) AND NOEL

Photographs: Swaebe





# LOVELINESS AUTUMN

*All summer* you have lived as nature intended you should. Now returns the season of late nights—long busy days—myriad engagements and constant bustle. You want to buy the thrilling new clothes you will see in the great London dressmakers, in the smart shops. You want to look worthy of their chic and elegance. But first you must restore to your sun-drenched skin its delicate clarity and beauty of texture. It is imperative that you remove all traces of sun-tan, all suggestion of "heartiness" which all too often means roughness of skin and sun wrinkles around the eyes.

*Two things* you can do, take a course of *Après L'Ete* treatments at the Elizabeth Arden Salon or follow Miss Arden's Home Treatment to achieve the same end. The "After Summer" Home Treatment is a simple one and should be repeated at least once a week until the skin is once more its natural colour and fineness. After cleansing thoroughly with Miss Arden's Cleansing Cream and Skin Tonic, apply her Anti-Brown Spot Ointment *over* a thin film of Orange Skin Food. As soon as your face begins to tingle, remove the Skin Food and Ointment with Muscle Oil. Soothe it with a fresh application of Orange Skin Food and finish with a generous patting of Skin Tonic... Now you've achieved another Elizabeth Arden Masterpiece.

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# A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

**T**HERE was a curious result at Portsmouth the other day, when the United Services won their match against Guy's Hospital by the unusual score of three penalty goals to a placed goal and a penalty goal. The third penalty goal was kicked in the last minute, which does not say very much for the common sense of Guy's. Incidentally, one recollects that in a certain England v. Wales match at Twickenham, when penalties were flying about, Sam Tucker decided that he would run no more unnecessary risks, working on the principle that if anybody was going to get into trouble it should not be his chaste and innocent self, and that any additional penalties should be in England's favour. Whereupon he made no further attempt to hook the ball, and before long the Welsh front row incurred the wrath of the referee, and B. H. Black did

It is the slackness of referees in the past that has done so much damage to the game, but the evil is not yet beyond remedy, even in International matches, which have been the scene of some of the most glaring infringements of recent years.

We have noticed on several occasions this season a little habit of no very great importance, perhaps, but one which may as well be checked at the start. This infringement could not have taken place when, after a free kick had been awarded, the offending players were allowed to stand on the mark. Now that they are obliged to retire at least ten yards, the kicker often makes his kick well beyond the mark, thereby gaining valuable ground. It is possible that the kicker may not even know that he is offending, though in one match we saw it happened so often that it was difficult to believe that it was always accidental.

It is frequently asserted that players themselves in many cases have but an indifferent acquaintance with the laws of the game, and a recent incident certainly bears out this opinion. During an attempt to convert a try, the charge by the defending side was disallowed, and the ball brought back for the kicker to make a second effort. Unfortunately, the placer seemed to have lost interest in the matter and walked away, and the kicker, in all innocence (or ignorance?) himself put the ball into the heel-mark, whereat, in disgust at such treatment, it rolled over and the referee promptly brought the proceedings to a close.

Of course, this has often happened before, and many people must have thought that this conversion business is just one of those things which might be simplified. There seems to be an



**THE OLD BLUES WHO BEAT  
THE OLD ALLEYNIAN**

The battle on Dulwich Common was a fiercely contested one, and the Old Blues deserved their win over Dulwich's Old Boys by a goal, a dropped goal, and a try to a goal and a try. Territorially the winners had far more of the game, but the opposition fought like tigers before they were beaten.

The names in the group are:

Left to right (back): D. S. MacLagan, R. B. Hunt (referee), O. R. Evans, M. Fulford, C. A. Jack, J. C. Wickham, C. G. Down, G. Carpenter (treasurer), and A. L. Sloper; (In front) D. W. Owen, J. J. Redman, H. J. Hobden, J. Garrard, R. A. Jones (captain), G. H. Ross-Goobey, K. C. Oliver, W. A. Jones. (On ground) B. P. Knight and E. P. C. Oke

the rest, saving the match for England. Guy's, take note!

On the same Saturday as the match at Portsmouth, Blackheath were beaten at Birkenhead Park by a dropped goal and three penalty goals to two tries, which was quite as peculiar a score as the one already mentioned. The Old Merchant Taylors, too, obtained two penalty goals in their score against the Old Paulines, whilst there were numbers of other games in which penalty goals figured. This serves to show that referees as a body are sitting up and taking notice of the drive against unfair play, and are determined to administer the laws without fear or favour.

There are, unfortunately, a few cheats in the game, and they are pretty well known. Of course, it does not follow that every player who gets penalised is necessarily a deliberate offender, for accidents may happen to anybody. The player who takes a chance with the referee, however, deserves all he gets, and one is glad to see that he is being firmly handled.



**THE OLD ALLEYNIAN'S' SIDE**

They took a lot of beating before being finally compelled to own defeat by 12 points to 8 by the Old Blues' team (seen above, left). The names in the group are:

Left to right (back): L. H. Burnett, K. T. Champion, R. de L. Agazarian, B. J. Brennan, G. G. Maggs, F. P. Fisher, J. F. B. Phillips, and M. A. Kidd; (In front) Bethell Jones, N. Le C. Agazarian, R. H. Spencer, J. S. Young (captain), B. F. Godfrey, J. Mears, and H. J. Bannan

unnecessary amount of fuss and detail, and the whole affair could be made much more straightforward. There is really no valid reason, for instance, why a charge should be allowed at all. The kicker is surely entitled to an unimpeded shot at goal, and very seldom indeed does it happen that the ball is charged down, except when it would not have crossed the bar in any case. One does occasionally hear claims to the effect that the fingers of a defending player have touched the ball, and if the referee agrees, the goal is disallowed. All of which seems unduly complicated and foolish. It would

(Continued on page ii)



# The Spirit of the Spey



# GILBEY'S



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A SCOT had been sent out by his wife to buy a mousetrap. The assistant in the shop showed him various types of traps, but the customer refused them all, saying that they were much too expensive.

"But, sir," protested the assistant, after showing him one that cost a penny only, "you couldn't get one for less than a penny anywhere, surely?"

"It's no' so cheap," replied the Scot. "Ha'e ye no' a trap that will kill the moose before it eats the cheese?"

Two men started out in business at the same time and in adjacent shops. The first man was a laundryman, and the second an undertaker.

The laundryman had an elaborate illuminated sign put outside his shop, bearing the legend:

"WE STIFFEN COLLARS."

The undertaker, not to be outdone, also had an illuminated sign put outside his premises, and his statement to the world was:

"WE COLLAR STIFF'UNS."

The telephone rang in the guest's room. The hotel desk clerk was on the wire. "Good morning, sir," he said, cheerily, "It's exactly eight o'clock—and time to get up."

"Yeah?" grunted the sleepy guest. "What for?"

The clerk was taken aback. "Don't ask me," he returned. "You're the one who left word to be awakened at this hour."

"What kind of a reason is that?" the guest shouted. "After all, who am I?"

A farmer bought a large clock, one of the kind that strikes the hours and half-hours.

One night he was awakened by the striking of the clock. Something had gone wrong with the mechanism, and the chimes, instead of stopping with the usual 12, kept right on sounding. The bewildered farmer counted them up to 102, then awakened his wife:

"Mary," he cried, "for goodness' sake, get up! It's later than I've ever known it to be before!"

A street vendor, having bought a basket of radishes, found himself in an awkward predicament, for he didn't know what they were and he couldn't cry his wares. However, at last he discovered another vendor who was shouting "Fine fresh watercress!" and he stood alongside with his basket and joined in with, "Same here... with knobs on!"

The new assistant was always late, and always had a different excuse. Arriving an hour late one morning, he was greeted by the manager with: "Well, Brown, what's your story this time?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "my daughters were afraid of the storm last night, and turned the mirror over the mantelshelf round to the wall. When I came downstairs this morning, I couldn't see myself in the looking-glass, and naturally, I thought I'd gone to work!"

"You win!" gasped the manager.



## MARY CARLISLE OF PARAMOUNT

Mary Carlisle is one of Paramount's many very charming ladies. She is to be seen at present in "Double or Nothing," which is running at the Carlton Cinema Theatre

They were neighbours, but not, unfortunately, very neighbourly.

"Huh," cried the first one day, "yer've got odd stockings on, Mrs. Green."

Mrs. Green was equal to the occasion, however. Smiling very sweetly, she replied loftily:

"Yes, dear, I can understand that surprisin' yer; but it's a thing wot often 'appens to lidies wot 'as more than one pair."

A Bishop was put next to a film-star at a dinner-party, and the film-star, by way of making conversation, said:

"Well, Bish., I don't know how we are going to get along together, as you know nothing about filming and I know nothing about the Bible."

"Come, come, my dear," said the Bishop, "surely you must know something about the Bible. Who was the first man?"

"Well," replied the star, "my husband thinks he was."

He had been searching vainly for tools in his garden shed, and at last went to his wife.

"What?" he cried, on learning where they had gone. "D'you mean to say you've lent the fork and spade to the woman next door? What am I going to do?"


"Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear," his wife replied. "I promised to lend you to her, too, to dig over her front garden!"



## ANOTHER PARAMOUNT "LOVELY": TERRY RAY

Terry Ray was one of the many who have failed to find a job in the Hollywood Studios and have had to take anything that was going. She was working as a waitress when one of Paramount's executives saw her. Since then she has been in a number of pictures, including "Mountain Music" and "College Holiday." She will be seen shortly in "The Big Broadcast of 1938."





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## AT CONDOVER: RETRIEVER TRIALS IN SHROPSHIRE

MR. REGINALD CORBET  
AND MRS. HUGH PEACOCKMR. A. A. SIDNEY VILLAR, LORD SOUTHWELL  
AND MRS. J. C. ROGERS-COLTMANWAR WOUNDED: LT.-COL. T. DIX PERKIN  
IS A FIRST-RATE SHOT, ONE-HANDEDLORD KENYON, MR. REGINALD COOKE AND  
THE HON. MYFIDA TYRELL-KENYONMR. REX COHEN, OF  
CONDOVAL HALLCAPTAIN J. ECCLES WITH MRS. ARTHUR  
HEYWOOD-LONSDALE AND HER ENTRY

The Shropshire, Cheshire and North Wales Retriever Trials, which attracted a very satisfactory number of entries, were held on October 1st and 2nd over Mr. Rex Cohen's estate at Condoval, near Shrewsbury. Besides the usual roots, dogs had also to work in a field of mustard which Mr. Cohen is seen about to negotiate. Several acres in extent and between three and four feet high, this provided a stern test for even the most sagacious noses. That noted Salopian, Mr. Reginald Corbet, who has been concerned with Retrievers all his life and at eighty still handles his dogs himself, is a staunch supporter of these particular Trials. Feminine enthusiasts at Condoval included Mrs. Hugh Peacock, Colonel Edgar Brassey's daughter, whose husband was judging, Mrs. R. C. Rogers-Coltman, one of the Stewards, and Mrs. Arthur Heywood-Lonsdale, seen with the High Sheriff of Shropshire. Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale's husband, Captain Heywood-Lonsdale, was Joint-Master of the Bicester, 1931-33. Mr. Sidney Villar, an owner under National Hunt Rules, used to be in the Buckinghamshire Yeomanry. Lord Southwell was formerly in the Shropshire Yeomanry which Lord Kenyon lately joined. Mr. Reginald Cooke, who is with Lord Kenyon and his twin sister, lives at Dallicot, near Bridgenorth. Lt.-Colonel T. Dix Perkin was badly wounded in the right arm during the Great War, but he has taught himself to shoot better than most people off the left shoulder, one-handed. He commands the 2nd Battn. King's Shropshire Light Infantry at Pembroke Dock

Photographs by Truman Howell



THE CAR WITH THE PERFORMANCE

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The bulge of his chest-line  
Gives trouble enough,  
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H.H. PRINCE DMITRI OF RUSSIA  
AND MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY

Prince Dmitri of Russia, who had the former Miss Valerie French as supper partner, is the fourth son of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Alexander-Michaelovitch and a nephew of H.I.H. the late Grand Duke Michael. See below for H.E. M. Constantin Laptin, who was entertaining friends from Italy at the Ritz

## CAFÉ-CHANTANT

### New Programme at the Ritz

A mass of well-knowns gathered at the Ritz for the reopening of the Café-Chantant. Sir Victor Warrender, Financial Secretary to the War Office, (see right) sat next to Prince Dmitri-Alexandrovitch's wife. Before her marriage Princess Dmitri was Comtesse Golenitscheff Koutouzoff



SIR VICTOR WARRENDER, M.P.,  
AND PRINCESS DMITRI OF RUSSIA



MRS. CHRISTIANSEN AND  
MR. RAYMOND MASSEY

Turn left for that stage and film celebrity, Raymond Massey, only lately back from Hollywood, where he had the success this fine actor always achieves. He was in a large party and grand form at the Ritz. The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney, who is to be found below supping with Mr. Charles Gordon, wore a magnificent silver gown, with draped head-dress to match, and Victorian jewellery



HOST AND GUESTS: H.E. THE RUMANIAN MINISTER  
AND SIGNOR AND SIGNORA BOMONDE



MR. CHARLES GORDON AND THE HON. MRS. JAMES RODNEY



MISS ADRIANNE ALLEN AND MR. CHRISTIANSEN

Adrienne Allen, Raymond Massey's clever actress-wife, looked very charming at the Ritz. She was in the same party as her husband. Mr. Christiansen, whose wife appears in another snapshot, is Editor of the "Daily Express." Supping in Lord Manton's party was very good-looking Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger who was Miss Gladys Sammut until this year. Her mother, Mrs. Sammut, M.B.E., is one of the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War's three private secretaries



LORD MANTON, MRS. PLAYER AND MRS. D'ERLANGER





#### THE DUCE'S SON IN LOS ANGELES

Signor Mussolini's son, Vittorio, is seen on the right, and with him is Hal Roach, his adviser, leaving the plane after their arrival from the East coast. Vittorio Mussolini went to Hollywood to study film production, but he has since been peremptorily and somewhat pettishly recalled by his father

tadpoles? The truth is that there is a connection between function and size, although it is sometimes difficult to distinguish it. In commercial aviation, one of the principal tasks which will shortly have to be faced will be that of determining the (forgive my pseudo-scientific phraseology) optimum size-level for the transport machine. So far we have been letting them grow. They have been growing fast largely because there is an obstinate idea that aeroplanes and Atlantic liners have some sort of relation. It is true, of course, that the thirty-seat aeroplane carrying thirty people is carrying each person more cheaply than the three-seat aeroplane carrying three people. But supposing the thirty-seat aeroplane, owing to lack of bookings, is carrying three people. Then the result is anything but economic. The big ship succeeds because it is slow, and people book their passage well in advance, and arrive at the quay in plenty of time. They feel that they are almost making a temporary change of residence; and they look upon the ship as a residence.

But the aeroplane is looked upon purely as a means of transport so far as commercial flying is concerned. People want to be able to dash off to the nearest airport at any moment, find an aeroplane ready to take them somewhere, and jump into it. In short, they do not want to arrange air passages far in advance, or to look upon them as things to be planned. The consequence is that the ideal air service should work on a policy of little-and-often, rather than on the shipping policy of rarely-and-big. Aeroplanes should be leaving at short intervals, so that passengers can fit their journey into their day's arrangements. Only when the passage is several thousand miles is it permissible to go through the business of collecting a mob of passengers together before starting.

#### Sponsored Specification.

Let us see where this little-and-often air-service policy would lead us in the matter of aeroplanes. It would lead us to something smaller than the Handley-Page "42's" and the new Armstrong Whitworth "Ensigns." I should

## AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

#### Size-Levels.

SIZE is a provocative matter. The big man will tell you that he finds small people sly; the small man will tell you that he finds big people stupid. Why should there be no one-inch whales or twenty-foot

say that the ideal passenger complement, on all but the very long-distance routes, is about twenty. For the long-distance routes, flying-boats are wisely being used, and these can obviously grow in size much more than the land 'planes. In fact, the flying-boat is born to be the big aircraft of the future; but I think the land 'plane has already reached, if it has not passed, its optimum size. Short-distance air services should all be run on a high-frequency basis, with relatively small, fast aeroplanes. We do not want to plan a trip by air to Paris, for instance, months ahead. We want to be able to drive straight down to Croydon, knowing that, whatever time we arrive, we shall not have long to wait for the next departure. Safety, speed, comfort, would all be aided by keeping to medium-size aeroplanes, and resisting the temptation to allow the machines to go on growing.

It seems that some realisation of this direct linkage between size and service has reached those in authority, for the Air Ministry has recently been conferring with aircraft operators on the matter of a specification for a medium-size transport aeroplane. The idea, so far as I could gather in a chat I had with an Air Ministry official, is that the operators should agree to a specification for such a machine, and that then some sort of general arrangement as to using it would be arrived at to enable a substantial order to be placed. It has been suggested that fifty such machines should be ordered. This would give the constructing firm a chance to do the developmental work without loss. I like the scheme, and hope it will be pursued. It should lead to the production of that much-needed type, the medium-size—say twin-engined twenty-seater—transport aeroplane capable of very high speed. High speed with the giant machines is always an awesome proceeding, because of the large number of people who are carried all together, and because as size goes up, powers of manœuvre



Bassano

#### THE MARQUESS OF CLYDESDALE

The eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, whose engagement to Lady Elizabeth Percy has been announced. Lord Clydesdale is one of the heroes of the flight over Everest. A portrait of Lady Elizabeth Percy, her sister and their mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, is on the frontispiece of this paper

go down. So let us do all that can be done to encourage the development of the fast, medium-size transport aeroplane. The encouragement is especially needed at this warlike moment, when manufacturers' attention is concentrating upon military machines almost to the exclusion of civil ones.

(Continued on p. 96)



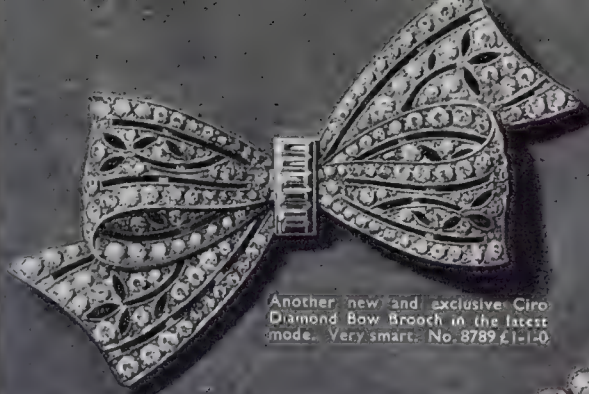
#### H.E. SIR CHARLES WINGFIELD ARRIVES AT SOUTHAMPTON

Sir Charles Wingfield, the retiring British Ambassador to Portugal, arrived at Southampton from Lisbon in the Royal Mail liner "Almanzora" last week. Sir Charles Wingfield, who was appointed in 1935, had, just previous to that, been Ambassador to the Holy See. He entered the Diplomatic Service from the Army in 1903





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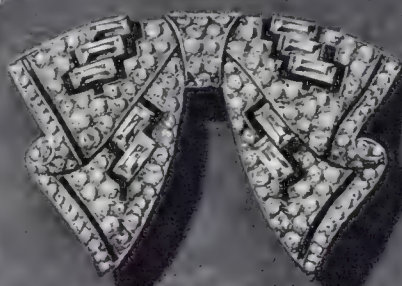
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# THE EYES HAVE IT

By JOHN COWIE



Hollings unfastened his cape, and was half out of it when, with a strangled cry, Foster flung his sixteen stone straight at him and the two crashed to the floor.

**H**IS athletic frame huddled in the comparative shelter of the railway arch, Number Forty-Three Police Constable William Foster gloomed at the rain, which, to his jaundiced eye, seemed to splash upwards as from a myriad defective fire-hoses.

He gloomed at other things as well. The town was suffering from the depredations of a remarkably clever gang of jewel thieves, and a reproof from higher authority had rapidly percolated through the division, leaving him, the junior of them all, with no lesser being to whom he could pass it on.

But worse, much worse, was the loss of his best tunic, presumably "lifted" by a passing tramp as he slept in his shirt-sleeves on the previous Sunday afternoon. Kicked by his superiors, laughed at by his fellows, despised by himself, he was now being half-drowned by an alleged occasional shower, and so he gloomed, and glooming slogged off up the High Street to contact his opposite number at the end of the beat.

Sergeant Buddle, with his glistening oilskin cape and drooping moustache more than usually suggestive of an evilly disposed walrus, paddled alongside Foster as he was trying the door of a fish-shop.

"Now then, now then, me lad," spluttered the Sergeant, "you won't find no jewel thieves in fish-shops. Not but what I expect much from a bloke what lets blokes pinch his tunic off his back. You want to learn to use your eyes in the right place and at the right time. That's how I got me stripes."

As he fell into step with the Sergeant, a variety of thoughts chased themselves through Foster's brain. It was iniquitous that this pompous ass should lord it over him with his stripes.

Lucky to be in uniform at all, with jewel thieves practically camping in the Chief Constable's garden. Moreover, it was part of his duty to try all doors on his beat, and anyway, the Sergeant ought to be *inside* the fish-shop, draped on a marble slab, and not outside devilling a luckless young policeman who one day intended to be more than a mere sergeant.

Foster refrained from voicing these thoughts aloud, not because he was afraid of the Sergeant, but rather because exercise of the muscles of speech had the unpleasant effect of letting even more water run down inside his collar.

What a life, if you could call it a life! If only the . . . "Sergeant!" he gasped, bringing the rotund figure by his side to a slithering halt, "there's a light in Bossom's window—biggest jewellers in town—where I'm due to meet Joe at the end of my beat!"

His whistle half-way to his lips, the Sergeant peered ahead through the rain, his free hand gripping Foster by the wrist. Sure enough, a faint light was flickering eerily through the imposing plate-glass windows of the jeweller's shop on the corner.

"No," he muttered, tucking the whistle away, "quietly does it. We've got 'em cold."

Edging along close to the intervening shop-fronts, Foster at his heels, he reached out a hand and grasped the iron grille that should have protected the shop from marauders, and gave it a gentle push. It moved, and as it moved Foster remembered something. Pressing his mouth close to his superior's ear, he whispered: "Bossom's keep a night watchman—old Whittaker. What's become of him?"

For reply, the Sergeant drew a finger suggestively across his throat, swung the iron grille back, reached the door of the shop in two strides, flung it open, and flashed his torch inside.

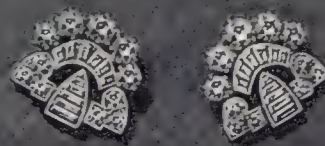
(Continued on page 92)



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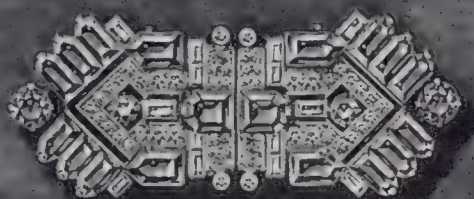
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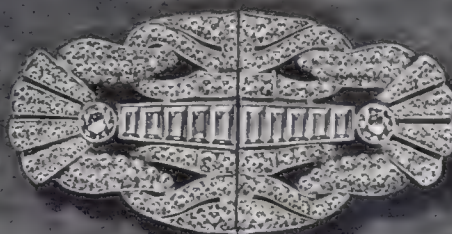
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also forming two separate Clips  
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Diamond and Platinum Brooch  
also forming two separate Clips  
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*General Catalogue on Request*



## THE EYES HAVE IT—(Contd. from page 90)

Foster, his hair prickling along the top of his scalp, his truncheon at the ready, some odd, detached part of his mind wondering whether an oilskin cape had any bullet-resisting properties, stumbled after him.

"Now then," he heard the Sergeant bark, "what's going on in here?"

"Old fool!" he thought. "We've probably cornered a bunch of killers, and he treats it like a shindy in a pub. Guts, of course, but . . ." The young constable bending over

"Just coming up the street," reported a finger-print man from the door. "And it's still raining like stink," he added.

In a few moments the ambulance men were added to the crowd in the now brightly-lit shop, and were lifting the wounded man on to a stretcher.

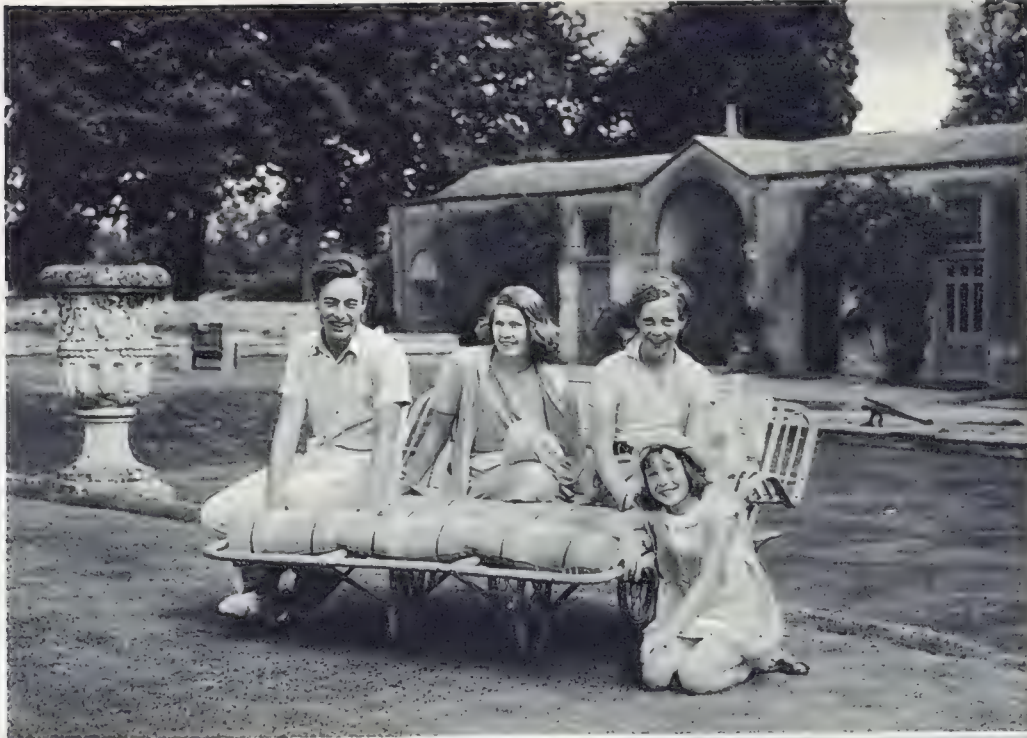
"Better keep him as dry as possible," called the Sergeant from the telephone. "You, Hollings, shove your oilskin over him."

As the little procession moved slowly to the door, Hollings was half out of it when, with a strangled cry, Foster flung his sixteen stone straight at him, and the two crashed to the floor in a welter of splintered wood and tinkling glass.

Almost before any of the petrified onlookers had realised what was happening, Foster was sitting astride the fallen Hollings, from whose bleeding lips a stream of obscenities was pouring, and bumping the back of his head none too gently on the floor.

Suddenly, as the fallen man writhed in Foster's grip, something gleamed through a rent in the side of his tunic. With commendable rapidity for so stout a man, the Sergeant sprang forward and snapped a pair of handcuffs on Hollings' wrists, while two more constables secured the threshing feet. Thrusting his hand inside the gaping tunic, the Sergeant brought out a fistful of sparkling gems.

"By god, Foster, you've got



IN THE GROUNDS OF COLWORTH HOUSE: LADY MELCHETT AND HER FAMILY

A happy group on the lawn of Lord Melchett's house in Bedfordshire. Lady Melchett, who is the daughter of the late Mr. John Wilson, of Parktown, Johannesburg, married the second Baron Melchett in 1920

something at the back of the shop straightened up and swung round, the beam of his torch striking points of fire from the contents of the show-cases.

"Just missed them, Sergeant," he said quietly. "Found the iron door loose when I tried it, and came in. They've got the watchman. Safe's busted." With a jerky movement of his torch, oddly in keeping with the staccato sentences, he indicated the safe, visible through an arched opening in the rear wall of the shop, its door swinging drunkenly on shattered hinges.

"Who are you?" asked Foster. "Where's Joe?"

"Hollings is my name. Joe's sick. I've been drafted in from North Town. You Foster?"

"All right, all right," grunted the Sergeant. "Cut out the society chit-chat and get busy."

They got busy, and the whole machinery of the law was soon swiftly in action. Fifteen minutes later the police surgeon rose from his knees beside the prostrate figure of the night watchman. "We might save him," he said. "Ambulance there yet?"



COMING ASHORE AT MALTA: LORD AND LADY BEATTY

Lord and Lady Beatty are yachting in the Mediterranean, their vessel being "Noroit," an attractive and powerful ketch. Lord Beatty is seen with his wife, the former Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands, arriving for a "spell on the beach" at Malta

him!" he said. "How the hell did you ever think of that?"

"Come, come, Sergeant," grinned Foster, gazing reflectively at the stripes on that astonished man's arm. "Where are those famous eyes to-night? He's wearing my best blasted tunic!"





# ONCE UPON A TIME.....

*a Necklace of Pearls  
cost a fortune  
and was the coveted privilege  
of the very, very few.*

## BUT

*like so many things  
that is all changed to-day.*

## ACTUALLY

*you can now possess a really  
marvellous  
cultured Real Pearl Necklace  
from Tecla's  
world-famous collection  
for no more than the cost of  
an evening à deux.*

## THAT IS TO SAY

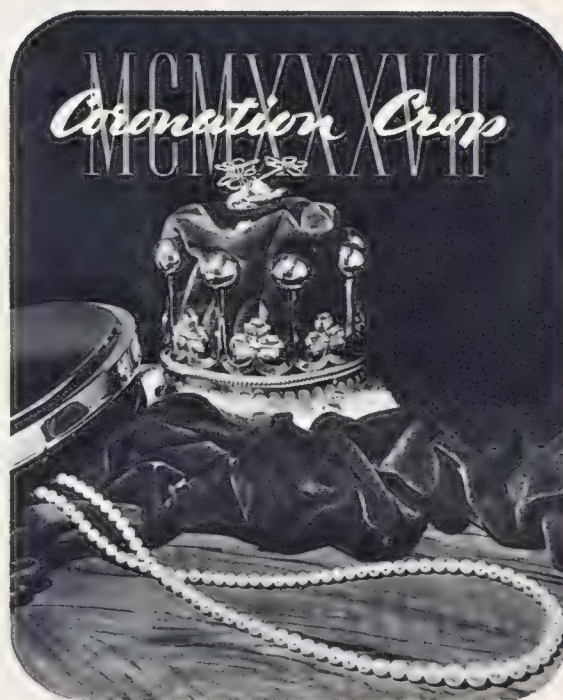
*if your cash is limited  
you can do it for  
as little as six guineas.*

## AND IN THESE DAYS

*of so-called bargains  
it is as well to remember  
that the name TECLA  
is a guarantee of quality*

## AND THAT

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is one of the few places  
where lay judgment can  
choose Pearls with  
the assurance of an expert.*



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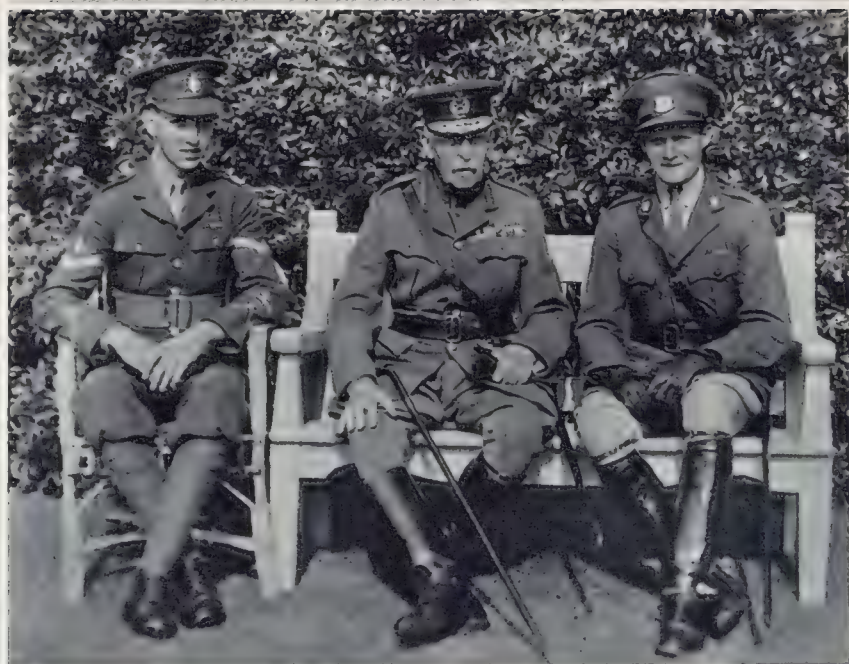
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## PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT  
AND HIS TWO GRANDSONS

The above group is of special interest in view of the fact that it was taken on the same day that H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught inspected the cadets at Sandhurst. On the left is Mr. Alexander Ramsay, in the uniform of the Eton O.T.C., son of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Maule Ramsay, who married the Princess Patricia of Connaught; and on the right Lord Macduff, son of Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is a subaltern in his father's old regiment, The Scots Greys

## The Real Thing.

**B**Y comparison with that superb spectacle of speed at Donington on October 2nd, English motor-racing as we have known it in the past appears childish. There could hardly be a bigger gap between the way in which the Germans handled and drove the Mercedes and Auto-Union Grand Prix cars and the way in which, at the average meeting, our own drivers and mechanics behave. The German method is both scientific and athletic, brilliantly professional. Our own is hit-and-miss, "good fun," comically amateur. I do not, of course, include in this criticism all British drivers and cars, because Humphrey Cook and his E.R.A.s stand out as being an English team with Continental standards of efficiency. Similarly, Prince Chula and Prince Birabongse can rank with the best. But at that Donington Grand Prix the breath-taking efficiency and the tremendous confidence of the Germans did teach us all a lesson. In these notes, I advised everybody who could to go, and I am certain that those who did go will agree that they saw a show which they will always remember. The crowd was by far the largest ever gathered together for any motor-race in this country. Thousands of unfortunates, through not leaving early

enough, got jammed up outside the gates and missed the magnificent spectacle of the start. But everybody saw enough to realise what real motor-racing can be like. And as a change from the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, which I discuss on another page, and which I shall again write about next week, I will speak here about some aspects of the Donington event.

J. G. Shields, to whose good sense we owe the existence of this road course, and F. G. Craner, the Secretary of the Derby and District Motor Club, which is the organising authority, deserve the congratulations of everybody who can see the man behind the mechanism and who can appreciate the blend of engineering and athleticism, of skill, courage and scientific labour, which the Germans showed us. They had no real competitors, for the E.R.A.s and the Maseratis were out-classed, as was expected. But nevertheless their demonstration was superlative. Rosemeyer, von Brauchitsch, Lang and Caracciola: those names made heart-beats and high temperatures!

## The Future.

**W**e must also congratulate Humphrey Cook, Raymond Mays, Earl Howe, and A. C. Dobson for entering for the contest and, what is more, for starting and driving their best. It takes genuine sportsmanship to strive hard when one knows that victory is impossible. In my opinion, nothing the E.R.A.s have done, not all their victories in the 1500-c.c. class, could give them a firmer hold upon our affection and admiration than the fine display of sportsmanship they gave at Donington. I have never seen E.R.A.s thrashed so furiously, but they stood up to it with their customary toughness and earned our thanks. They played their part in giving England the best day's motor-racing it has ever had.

And now for the future. This race was the last under the old Grand Prix formula. In the coming years we have the new formula, which calls for cars of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  litres engine capacity unsupercharged or 3 litres supercharged, with a minimum weight limit. At first sight it does not look such an exciting formula as the old one, yet I shall be surprised if, by two or three years, it has not produced new cars as interesting as the Mercedes and Auto-Unions. But will it produce British cars capable of competing with them? Here is a matter of national interest to which the attention of all British motor-car manufacturers should be directed.



AT THE KINGTON SHOW, HEREFORDSHIRE

A group of the President, Mr. George Malcolm Kent, and his guests at the recent show. The names in the picture are (left to right): Sir James Croft, a former Master of the North Hereford Hounds, Lady Shepperson, Mr. George Malcolm Kent, High Sheriff of Herefordshire 1936, Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Edwards, and Sir Ernest Shepperson who has been the Member for the Leominster Division of Herefordshire since 1922

Abery

## Trade Support.

**I** have heard ten thousand times the arguments against a firm taking part in motor-races. Some of those arguments have substance. But it is unquestionably true that motor-racing is the best kind of

(Continued on page 96)



Scent ? Yes !  
Gloves ? Yes !  
Hankies ? Yes !  
Stockings ? Yes !  
thank goodness  
that's the lot ! . . .



exhaustedly  
you sink  
into a chair  
whilst  
the kind commissionaire  
calls  
your car . . .



how you revel  
in  
that cigarette  
which  
so perfectly completes  
your feeling of  
relief  
and  
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 94

general publicity. German cars in general have received an important stimulus from the successes of Mercedes and Auto-Unions in Grand Prix events. If we produced a team of racing cars under the new formula British cars would also benefit. But the trouble is that the expense would fall upon the makers of the individual cars, while the benefit would be spread throughout the motor car industry. The right policy is for our manufacturers (I noticed Lord Austin at Donington) to contribute, each according to his kind, to a firm which would make and race British cars under a separate national title. The E.R.A. company has proved its ability to build good racing cars and to operate them efficiently. It does not at the moment build a car for the open market, so that it is not in commercial competition with anybody. It seems to be the ideal instrument. Let our manufacturers band together to support it and to see that it is placed in a position to build and race as good cars under the new Grand Prix formula as the engineering and driving resources of this country allow.

America has interested herself in the matter, and an American representative was at the meeting of the international body in Paris the other day. He expressed the adherence of the United States to the new Grand Prix formula. Britain simply cannot afford to be left out of the running or to run only in a small way as a result of the generosity and patriotism of a single man. A national effort is demanded, and if the manufacturers see far enough they will provide the means for it.

\* \* \*

**Criticisms.**

I have given unstinted praise to Donington. I must add one or two criticisms. First, the public are allowed too close to the course on the down-grade side of the slope to the Melbourne hairpin. Here the German cars came over the brow of the hill at something approaching 160 miles an hour, and about at the brow they cut off and braked for the corner. It was in some ways a dreadful sight to see them "take off" at the top of the slope, for they represented at that instant thousands of tons of stored energy. Had anything happened to throw them out of control, they would have been into the crowd alongside—for the course curves slightly here—mowing down hundreds of people. On this side at this point people must be kept farther back. On the other side they can come as close as you like. Then there were the people with special passes who kept crossing the track to the agitation of Neubauer, Mercedes racing manager. If a tunnel (no more bridges, please!) cannot be built, let the crossing of the track be in the charge

of an official. Finally, programmes. People I knew were charged two shillings each for one-shilling programmes because the supply was short. This profiteering by servants of the meeting is improper, and should be checked. Finally, when next we have a spectacle of this magnitude, let there be at least twenty times the number of police, traffic controllers and refreshment tents. None of these faults, however, could tarnish the brilliance of the 1937 Donington Grand Prix.

\* \* \*

**Air Eddies**—continued from p. 88**Cross-country Race.**

When I talked with Mr. Charles Gardner after his fine win in the King's Cup air race this year he reminded me of one of the air races run by the now vanished *Morning Post* in conjunction with Heston airport some four or five years ago, and said that he hoped that one day further races of the kind might be held. As I planned those races myself in co-operation with Heston, I was gratified to hear this view from one of our best pilots and navigators. The essential thing about the races was that they were designed to test navigating ability. They were not concerned with absolute aeroplane speed, for the aeroplanes were handicapped on estimated performance.

The method was roughly as follows: The aeroplanes were lined up on Heston aerodrome, and about a hundred metres behind each one was a small table with, on it, a rolled-up map. Before the start of the race no competitor had the slightest idea of where he would be required to fly. The course had been worked out in the strictest secrecy and the turning points had been marked on all the maps and a list provided for each competitor, stuck to the map, and showing the order in which the points had to be taken. The competitors were started according to their handicap time. They stood beside the tables, and when Mr. George Reynolds dropped his flag they ripped open their maps, studied the list of turning points and their positions on the map, and set off to get round them and home to Heston in the shortest possible time.

It was a severe test of navigation, and the different methods of the pilots provided interesting contrasts. Some sprinted to their machines having hardly noticed the course and with only a rough indication of direction. They then did all their navigational calculation in the air. Others—and I remember some of the best pilots were among them—took some time working out their course and ruling the track lines on the map. It provided a really first-class race and a real test of navigational ability. Perhaps now that the poor old *Morning Post* has died some other paper will take up this form of race.

**As others see us—****Mrs. Martin Johnson**

**the famous American explorer and air traveller, writes—** (in the *New York Times*)

We made the long hop (Southampton to Africa in one of the *Empire Flying-boats*) with great comfort and a greater sense of security than I have ever experienced in the air . . . We flew at 200 miles an hour across the Mediterranean

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## A Rugby Letter

(Continued from p. 80)

be easy to adduce other examples of rules whose value is doubtful, and there is no question that much useful work might be done if the laws of the game were subjected to a thorough overhaul with a view to their simplification. One is aware that a good deal of labour has been done in this direction, but apparently even the International Board itself is of the opinion that finality is as yet far distant.

The silly season dies hard, and one of its last kicks this year was aimed at Rugby and its followers. We were asked to believe that there was a possibility of the game being played on the classic turf of Lord's. This seems almost as sacrilegious as motor cycle cross-country trials at St. Andrew's, or pole-vaulting on the Centre Court. The attempted jest missed its mark, however, and even the denizens of the Long Room were not disturbed from their winter sleep. This particularly foolish rumour reminds us that only a few years ago one of the more ignorant of the alleged sporting journalists was wont to produce with some regularity the suggestion that the Rugby Union should play its matches at Wembley or the White City because the Twickenham ground could not accommodate all those who wished to be present. Nothing would convince him that he might have suggested, with equal likelihood of acceptance, that the game should be played in Trafalgar Square.

Richmond, who opened the season with a draw against Northampton, are still without a victory, having lost to Bedford



MLLE. ANNA HAJMASSY, WINNER OF A FLOATING AND SWIMMING RECORD

The lady is not here attired for Rugger, but as she was when she won the 24 hours' floating and swimming record on the placid waters of Lake Balaton in Hungary. The lake is 45 miles long and about 50 miles away from Budapesth

and the London Welsh. They are still in trouble with their back division, and have not found any centres to replace P. Cranmer and R. Leyland, which must rather annoy those gentlemen who used to find so much fault with these two players last season. E. R. A. Bowerman and K. Wreford try hard enough, and are certainly efficient in defence, but they lack pace and seem unable to get their wings into action, which, considering the ability of W. A. H. Chapman and W. R. Johnston, is a pity. Also one regrets to observe that although the pack is composed of excellent individuals it has not yet shown any signs of settling down.

One of the most interesting games next Saturday is at Cambridge, where the Light Blues are having their first real test against the Harlequins. The Harlequin forwards, who have been collecting a certain amount of kudos lately, should find the home pack, led by the redoubtable W. B. Young, rather more of a handful than some of their recent victims. Blackheath visit the London Scottish at Richmond, and the game will certainly be strenuous if not particularly skilful. Perhaps the same remark, only more so, will apply to Rosslyn Park and Richmond, on the former's ground.

\* \* \*

Recent form of the teams mentioned at the close of the above article is as follows: Harlequins beat the London Scottish by 13 to 7 at Richmond (two goals and a try to a dropped goal and a try); Blackheath were beaten by Birkenhead Park, on the home ground of the latter, by 6—13 (two tries to a dropped goal and three penalty goals).



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# This England...



*Willy Lott's cottage in the  
Constable country (seen in the  
"Hay Wain," etc.)*



"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year—yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English—and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes Worthington a rich delight—to you as to the men of Constable's day.



## THE 4th/5th BLACK WATCH BALL AT KINNAIRD CASTLE



LORD AND LADY SOUTHESK'S HOUSE PARTY AT THE CASTLE

The Ball of the 4th/5th Black Watch is an annual event, and for several years past the Earl and Countess of Southesk have lent Kinnaird Castle for the occasion. Their son, the Hon. Duthac Carnegie, is a subaltern in the battalion. In the above group are: The Earl of Macduff, the only son of Prince Arthur of Connaught; Miss Margaret Bowes-Lyon, a cousin of H.M. Queen Elizabeth; Lord Carnegie; the Hon. Mrs. Duthac Carnegie; Mrs. Guild; Lord and Lady Southesk; Lieut.-Col. A. M. Guild, commanding 4th/5th Black Watch; the Hon. Duthac Carnegie; Lady Maud Carnegie; and Lady May Abel Smith

More pictures of this Ball are on p. vi



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"What have you been doing to my hat, Hawkins?"

"Might I examine the hat for one moment, Sir? Ah, yes, Sir. This hat was made in Medicine Hat, Alberta, by a firm described as Gandle & Hueffer. It is not your hat."

"I thought my head hadn't shrunk, Hawkins—it feels the size of a prize marrow, with a painful thumping going on inside. This hat belongs to a Canadian gentleman."

"I take it, Sir, that you had a somewhat cheerful evening?"

"Hands across the sea, Hawkins. Eternal friendship. Deep calling to deep. I fear my friend from Canada may also be feeling a little the worse for wear."

"Might I suggest, Sir, that such — er — mornings after are rather an anachronism nowadays? A glass of Rose's Lime Juice, consumed before bed, eliminates the after effects before they can arise. This therapeutic action Sir..."

"Do you mean to tell me, Hawkins, that this Rose's Lime Juice really works?"

"Indubitably, Sir."

"Then lay in a crate of it forthwith. Or perhaps two crates."

"Very good, Sir."

"And Hawkins!"

"Sir?"

"You might send a bottle to the Canadian gentleman with my compliments. And ask him if he's got my hat."

## ASK FOR GIN AND ROSE'S

SHORT DRINK—2 parts Rose's, 3 parts gin. LONG DRINK—add soda



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From radiator to rear light the new Ten-four is a true Vauxhall, distinctively smart—yet the Standard Saloon costs only £168. A De Luxe Saloon with No-Draught Ventilation, sliding roof and other detail refinements costs £182.

Full production is now in progress and deliveries will commence early in November. Ask your local Vauxhall dealer for catalogues and full particulars, or, write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton.

### NO OTHER 10 h.p. HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

- A ROOMY FOUR-SEATER SALOON . . .**  
*ample head, leg and elbow room, good visibility.*
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*accelerates from rest to 50 m.p.h. in 22.5 seconds.*
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*for fresh air without draughts.*
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*in a roomy spare wheel compartment.*
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- EASE OF MAINTENANCE . . .**  
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Economical Ten**



## THE BLACK WATCH BALL



CAPTAIN PIRRIE AND MRS. PETER YORKE

MISS OLIVE O'BRIEN AND  
MR. LESLIE GRAY-CHEAPE

## AT KINNAIRD CASTLE



SIR TORQUIL AND LADY MUNRO

The 4th/5th Battalion Black Watch dance was held at Kinnaird Castle, by kind permission of the Earl of Southesk, and, as was quite meet and proper, was a feast of merriment judiciously mixed with a flow of soul. Of the people who were there and who are displayed above, Mrs. Peter Yorke, seen treading a measure with Captain Pirrie, Gordon Highlanders, is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Maitland, widow of the late Major the Hon. Alfred Maitland, who was killed in action in 1914, and was a kinsman of Lord Lauderdale. Mr. Leslie Gray-Cheape, who is seen dancing with the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy's sister, is the only son of the late Mr. Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray. Sir Torquil Munro, of Lindertis, and his charming wife, are far too well known in the North to need any description



## ACCENT ON YOUTH

Bermuda . . . a coral paradise for children . . . where even a two-year old can toddle across the street without causing parental panic. For here no trucks roar past, no taxicabs, no cars of any kind. The absence of industrial life leaves the air pure and fresh and invigorating in this island Arcady . . . so desirable and so accessible to English people.

Here you will find plenty of action . . . yacht racing . . . golf . . . tennis . . . game fishing . . . cycling . . . swimming

. . . dancing. Or, if you prefer rest and quiet, many peaceful hours may be enjoyed on Bermuda's famous pink sands.

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Return fares from £36. For further information apply to your travel agent, or to the Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

*Bermuda*  
PLEASURE ISLAND

# 'back to town formals' IN SUÈDE

✓ The high front remains in high favour ✓ Fall and early winter coats and costumes call for Suèdes—in black, coffee brown or deep blue ✓ Hanan suggests DAKOTA, black or coffee, with a lattice of matching silk grosgrain ribbon and NEBRASKA, black or blue, deftly relieved with matching kid.



DAKOTA



NEBRASKA

## HANAN

203 Regent Street

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK



# Haig in every Home

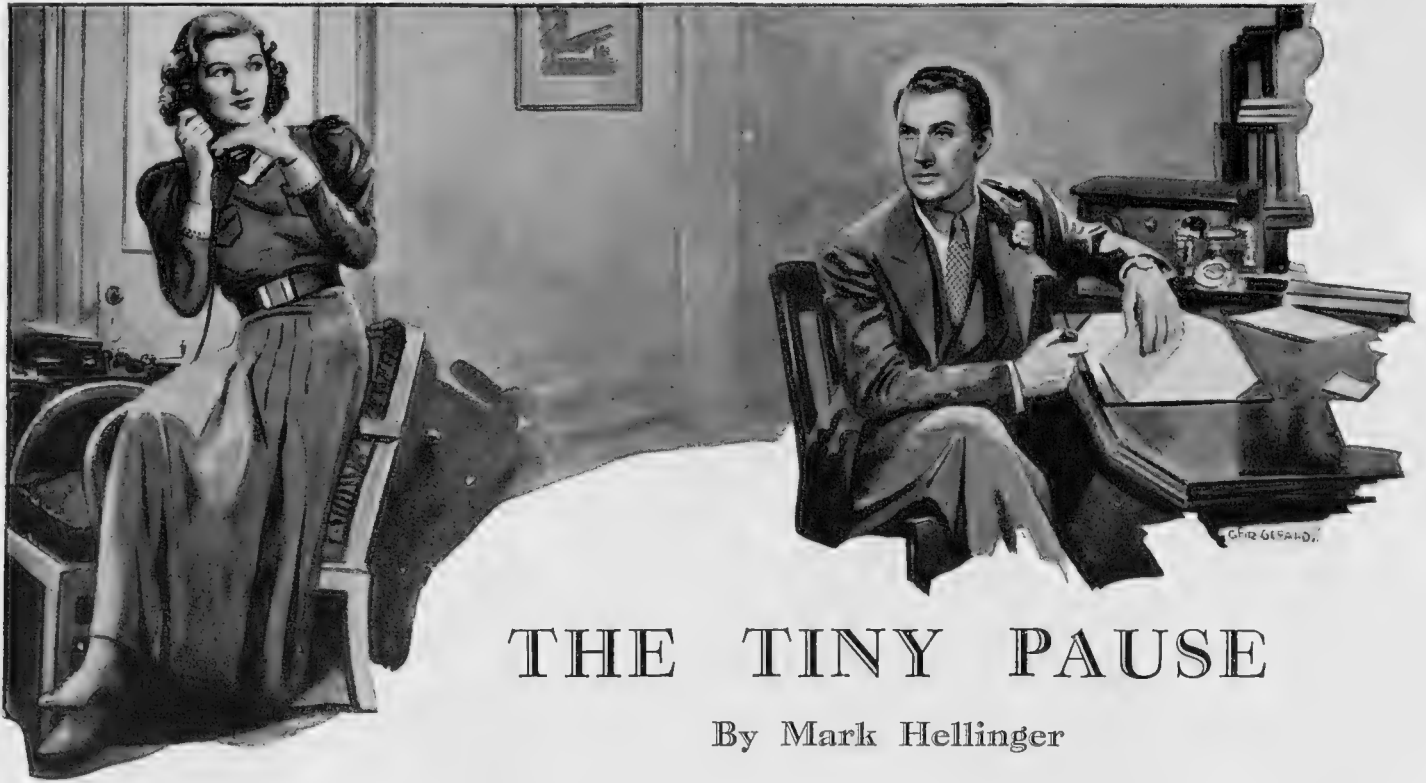


Don't be Vague  
ask for  
**Haig**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

OBTAINABLE ALSO IN SMALL SIZES





## THE TINY PAUSE

By Mark Hellinger

THE 'phone rang. Ethel stopped typing and picked up the receiver. Even before she murmured a tentative hello, she swung her plumpish body around so that she could see the boss.

"Hello? . . . Yes . . . Mr. MacKenzie?" She looked at the boss. "Who's calling, please? Mrs. MacKenzie?" There was a tiny pause, as the boss turned thumbs down and shook his head violently. "I regret to say, Mrs. MacKenzie, that your husband left here an hour ago." . . .

That was a set routine. \* \* \* Ethel had learned a long time ago never to answer the 'phone without turning first so that she could see the boss. She always said: "Who's calling, please?" and then repeated the name loudly enough for the boss to hear.

If Mr. MacKenzie nodded agreeably, Ethel said: "Just a minute," and waited for him to pick up the extension. If he turned his thumb down during the tiny pause, she always said: "I regret to say that Mr. MacKenzie left here—"

(Continued on p. 3)



"Snug as a  
Motoluxe  
Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery.

At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

Other Motoluxe Productions:

Footmuffs to match the Rugs 39/6  
Baby Carriage Rugs . . . 29/6  
Gauntlet Gloves . . . 21/-  
Ladies' Coats from . . . 4 Gns.  
Men's " . . . 9 Gns.

Write for latest illustrated booklet  
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Agents Everywhere.

## Strange "COIN OF THE REALM" III. by Rolling Stone



Ham and Eggs . . . Whiskey and Soda . . . Top Hat and Tails . . . and, quite modestly of course—Cooks and Travel.

Associations which come automatically to mind. But have you ever associated Feathers with Finance, or heard tell of one who has?

Yet in the Santa Cruz Islands they are as closely related as Siamese twins. When a native finds himself in the shadow of "Carey Street" he just goes off into the woods and traps red parrots of a particular species. He then strips them of their head-dress, gums the feathers down on long coils of fibre, adds a few shells as trimming, and there's his "coin" to tide him over until the next depression—perhaps buy him a wife, or if not that way inclined, a couple of pigs!

Bizarre, isn't it? That's one of the attractions of globetrotting . . . weird encounter here, grotesque custom there—and back they come, flicking through your memory, when talk is hinging on strangers in strange lands.

Now a land which is becoming more and more a venue for Winter pleasure-seekers, is South America, and this season the shipping companies offer many ways and means of visiting this sun-kissed corner of the globe.

You can find out all about them by getting a copy of Cook's handbook on World Travel—

"WINTER SUNSHINE OVERSEAS"

See the World through  
**COOKS**

THOS. COOK & SON LTD., Berkeley Street, London, W.1.  
Over 350 Offices throughout the World.



'Oh, MR. MERCURY, you do  
GO ON so!'



'Go on' is the right phrase, because a given quantity of National Benzole Mixture will actually carry you so many miles farther. This is the unique 'MILEAGE BONUS' that all 'National' users enjoy. The British benzole in this motor spirit is a *natural* reinforcement of the petrol with which it is blended, giving you greater power and full anti-knock protection. So fill up and go farther on



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good petrol  
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Berkeley Square Patrician

Night must fall . . . your dining room must reflect your personality in definite fashion to your guests. Think of the first impression given by a table well and truly laid with Community Plate . . . one of the four designs must surely match a room of any period . . . write to Community, 264 (P.) Regent Street, W.1 for illustrated catalogue together with Elizabeth Craig's interesting booklet on the Care of Silverware and setting table.

Community is supplied in canteens with complete service for 6, 8 or 12 persons, or in smaller units to those who wish to gradually collect their service. Also supplied in presentation set for all occasions.

Obtainable through  
all leading Silversmiths

## The Tiny Pause—continued from p. viii

Sometimes, of course, the boss really wasn't there. On those occasions, the tiny pause was omitted. Ethel would pick up the receiver, ask who was calling, and say: "Sorry, he's gone out. Try him in an hour or so."

Strangely enough, Mr. MacKenzie seldom wanted to talk to his wife. The woman called him at least once a day, and Mr. MacKenzie almost always turned thumbs down.

One day he told Ethel that he didn't care for Mrs. MacKenzie. She didn't understand him, and he was tired of her. He had tried to have her divorce him. But the woman had clung tenaciously to marriage.

A short time later, he kissed Ethel. It was impulsive, and he laughed nervously afterward. But Ethel didn't laugh, and she didn't speak. She just stared at him. Two nights later, they went out together for the first time.

There were other dates after that. Plenty of them. And it wasn't



STAYING WITH THEIR GRANDMOTHER: PRINCESS JOSEPHINE-CHARLOTTE AND PRINCE BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS

The two children of H.M. King Leopold of Belgium have been staying at Fridhem, the summer residence of Princess Carl of Sweden, who is the mother of the late Queen Astrid. They are seen here busy charging the stove with logs from an unusually practical type of wood-basket

long before sweet little Ethel found herself in the predicament that has made too many millions for too many short story writers.

She was in love with her married boss . . .

Ethel continued in the office for a long while after that. And almost every day, she'd hear the sad, pathetic voice of Mrs. MacKenzie on the phone.

"Hello? . . . Yes . . . Mr. MacKenzie?" She'd look at Mr. MacKenzie. "Who's calling, please? . . . Mrs. MacKenzie?" There'd be a tiny pause, and she'd grin as the boss hurriedly turned thumbs down. "I regret to say Mrs. MacKenzie, that your husband left here an hour ago." . . .

MacKenzie had a long chat with Ethel one afternoon. He was a man at the half-way mark in life. Meaning that he still enjoyed tennis, but he had to be careful of what he ate.

"I think too much of you to go on like this," he said simply. "I've been considering the matter for a long time, and I want you

(Continued on p. xii)





**FORD**  
**MOTOR EXHIBITION**  
**AGAIN**  
 AT THE  
 ROYAL ALBERT HALL  
 KENSINGTON, LONDON  
 OCTOBER 14<sup>TH</sup>-23<sup>RD</sup> 10 AM-10 PM  
 ADMISSION 1/3<sup>D</sup> INCLUDING TAX

**INSPECT**

**THE NEW FORD V-8 "22,"** Roomier, Better Appointed than Ever, £240, as a completely equipped Touring Saloon ;  
**THE NEW FORDSON 3-TON** Forward-Control Truck, with 14 ft. 4 ins. Loading Platform, and Either 4-Cyl. or 8-Cyl. Engine, £30 Tax, £295, Fully Equipped ; also the Other FORDSON Commercial Vehicles and Tractors, all combining maximum efficiency with phenomenal economy of operation.

(ALL PRICES AT WORKS)

**MAKE A POINT OF SEEING**

Ford Films, new and still better pictures, featuring many well-known personalities ; Two Cinemas ; Continuous Performances ;  
 The New Motorist's Section, featuring things the new car-owner should know.  
 OTHER EXHIBITS INCLUDE FEATURES OF INTEREST TO MOTORISTS AND NON-MOTORISTS ALIKE—A LIGHTNING SKETCH ARTIST, PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE FORD WORKS, PRECISION GAUGES, THE MECHANICAL DOCTOR, Etc.  
**MUSIC BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY BAND (By kind permission of the Officers of The Royal Artillery).**  
 Catering at Popular Prices : Comfortable Lounges and Rest Rooms. A Motor Exhibition Without a Dull Moment, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily : Car Parks at the Doors : Admission 1s. 3d., including Entertainment Tax, or by Ticket from the Local Ford Dealer.

Clutch Assembly, demonstrating the simplicity of design of the Ford V-8 clutch ;  
 Fabric Testing, by a machine which gives Ford upholstery-fabrics the equivalent of a year's wear in an hour ;  
 The Grading Room exhibit, a replica of a complete inspection room in use at Dagenham ;  
 The Crankshaft Balancing Machine, a highly technical apparatus by which Ford crankshafts are tested to extremely fine limits ;  
 Core Making, showing how foundry-cores are made by one of the many labour-saving machines employed at Dagenham ;  
 Gear-Listening Machine, brought from the Ford Works to demonstrate the care taken to ensure gear-silence ;  
 The Disappearing Engine, a cameo of the Disappearing Car exhibit which fascinated so many visitors to the 1936 Show ;  
 The History of Linear Measurement, an outstanding exhibit tracing the birth and evolution of measurement of length ;

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX**  
 London Showrooms : 88 Regent Street, W.1



**The Tiny Pause**—*continued from p. x*

to quit this job. No—wait a minute. Let me finish before you speak.

"I want to take an apartment for you in town or, better still, find some nice place on Long Island. When I get home at night, you'll be waiting for me. And if Mrs. MacKenzie ever consents to a divorce, we'll be married."

"You've been working too hard lately, dear. And this new arrangement would be better all around."

Ethel's eyes were very wide.

"B-b-but," she stammered, "what about Mrs. MacKenzie?"

He grinned.

"I regret to say," he said solemnly, imitating Ethel's telephone voice, "that her husband left here an hour ago!" . . .

\* \* \*

They took a house on Long Island. Ethel had everything she had ever wanted—and those were happy days, those early ones.

She learned to drive the roadster, and she always met Mac at the station. At dinner, she listened patiently as he talked about business conditions and the utter stupidity of

his new secretary. He complained about the new girl a great deal.

Thus, at night, she often helped him with work that the new secretary didn't understand. He never went to see his wife at all. He sent her money regularly—but he spent all of his evenings with Ethel.

That went on for a year. A fine year, and a happy one for Ethel. And then, suddenly—trouble.

He failed to come home one night. He 'phoned the following day

and said he had stayed in town, because he had an early conference on the next morning.

Two nights later, he staved out again. He 'phoned the next day, and grew very angry when she asked why he hadn't come home. A week later, he remained away three nights in a row. And the following day, he didn't 'phone at all. So Ethel pocketed her pride. She had resolved—taken an oath to herself—that she would never bother him at business. But this was a case of necessity. She 'phoned the office. And this is what she heard:

"Hello?" said his new secretary. "Yes . . . Mr. MacKenzie? . . . Who's calling, please? . . . Ethel?" There was a tiny pause. "I regret to say that Mr. MacKenzie left here an hour ago." . . .



A PICTURE FROM THE HEBRIDES

An interesting group, recently taken, in which are, left to right: Stewart of Coll (Brigadier-General Ernest Moncrieff Paul), the Laird of Coll, Miss Betty McLean, Mr. Paul, Miss Macalister of Glenbarr, Mr. Hector McNeill and Miss Stradling. Brigadier-General Paul assumed the name of Stewart on inheriting the Island of Coll some years ago. He was formerly in the Sappers



Premier ESSE Heat Storage Cooker No. 71.



The ESSE is always on duty. Burning anthracite continuously throughout the day and night and accumulating an immense reserve of heat, the ESSE is ready for action at a moment's notice. Cook, who never has to wait for the ESSE to warm up, has every desired cooking temperature available to produce a delicious meal of any size at any time—thanks to the thermostat. Yet, the ESSE Heat Storage method of cooking is one of the cheapest known. Why not call and see a demonstration or write for further particulars



*Oven heat*

*Must vary with the things we eat*

*But the ESSE has a thermostat*

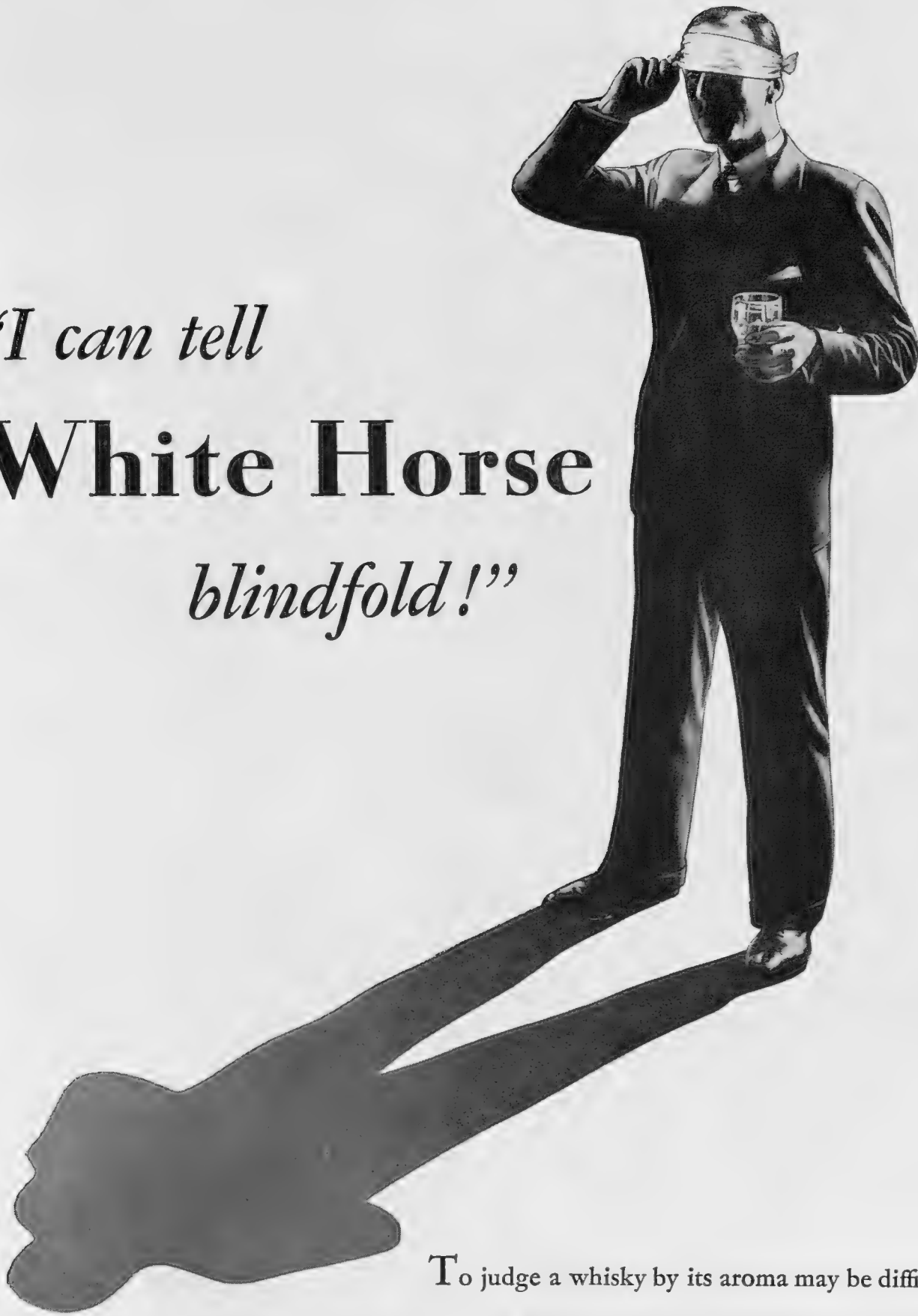
*Which sees to that.*

**The Esse Cooker Company**

(PROPRIETORS: SMITH & WELLSTOOD, LTD., EST. 1854) BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND, AND 63, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1



*"I can tell*  
**White Horse**  
*blindfold!"*



To judge a whisky by its aroma may be difficult at first, but the fragrance of White Horse is so distinctive that once you have known its delicate richness, you recognise it easily and gladly claim acquaintance.

EQUAL TO A FINE LIQUEUR

Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere



*Secret service!*



GIRLS WITH  
DEWY LIPS ARE  
WEARING THE  
**NEW  
TATTOO!**



4/6  
REFILLS 3/6  
Tattoo Ltd.

It's made the beauty head-lines—the new Tattoo! Dewiness never never in any lipstick yet . . . dawn-dewiness . . . desirable and desirous . . . that steals looks everywhere . . . packed with heart thuds! And it stays on from p.m. to a.m.! No running repairs between dances . . . or anything and everything! Puckering and drying made a thing of the unhappy past! It's a Tattoo secret—Tattoo, of course! Tattoo with its glad, glamorous shades, South-Sea-island Tattoo with its undeniable indelibility . . . Tattoo now gives the new Tattoo! Dawn-dewy-lips!

## THE NEW 'STAY-NEW' TATTOO



At this Tattoo Colour Selector on the better cosmetic counters you can actually test on your own skin all the Tattoo Shades with the new, stay-on dewiness!

"HAWAIIAN" is the newest, reddest red! Vivid, impudently daring; yet soft, sincere and warmly feminine. Positively won't turn purplish. More rapture-making with the new dewy Tattoo secret!

"CORAL" has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Yes—dewy too!

"EXOTIC" is a truly exotic new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it more effective than ever with the new never-before Tattoo dewiness.

"NATURAL" is a medium shade—is a true, rich blood colour. An asset to any brunette—gives the new dewy beauty.

"PASTEL" is of the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warmth which blended with the new dawn-dew look is truly amazing!

## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

### Marrying Abroad.

The marriage will take place in January in Kuala Lumpur, F.M.S., between Mr. H. E. Desch, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Desch, of Woodside Avenue, Highgate, and Gwendolen Lucy, youngest daughter of the late Rev. F. E. Coope and Mrs. Coope, of Netherall Gardens, Hampstead; Mr. J. Kennedy, son of the late William Kennedy and the late Mrs. Kennedy, of Roxburgh, will marry Alice Mary, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Rowley Wynyard, R.A., and the late Mrs. Wynyard, in Burma; and in November Mr. A. H. R. Butcher will marry Miss Kruger at the Peak Church, Hong Kong.

### Marrying Next Month.

The Hon. W. R. McClintock Bunbury, of Lisnavagh, Rathvilly, Co. Carlow, only son of Lord Rathdonnell and the late Mrs. McClintock Bunbury, and Pamela, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. M. Drew and of Mrs. Drew, of Eversley, near Milnthorpe, West-



Pearl Freeman

MISS M. C. FINLAY

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. Finlay, of Fionnla, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire, who is to be married in November to Mr. Rupert Beauchamp Lecky, Royal Artillery, only son of Major-General R. St. Clair Lecky, C.B., C.M.G., and Mrs. Lecky, of Ballykeaby, Tullow, Co. Carlow

morland; Lieut.-Colonel Vernon Whitmore, O.B.E., F.R.C.S.(E.), I.M.S., of Whitchurch, Oxon, and the Hon. Sybil Borthwick, of 20, Grosvenor Square, youngest sister of Lord Whitburgh.

### Recent Engagements.

Mr. J. M. Trusted, elder son of Mr. H. H. Trusted, K.C., and Mrs. Trusted, Chief Justice's Residence, Jerusalem, and Eileen Muriel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hop-ton, 26, Cadogan Place, and Chute Manor, near Andover, Hants; Mr. D. L. Woods, Indian Police, second son of Sir Wilfred Wentworth Woods, K.C.M.G., and Lady Woods, and Norah Capel, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel C. V. Ommanney, C.B.E., and Mrs. Ommanney, of Lower Bourne, Surrey; Mr. J. E. Swetenham, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, eldest son of the late Major Foster Swetenham,



Hay Wrightson

MISS ANGELA HAIG-THOMAS

Who is to marry Mr. R. D. M. Gurowski, Scots Guards, eldest son of Count and Countess Gurowski, of Woolhampton Park, Berks. Miss Haig-Thomas is the eldest daughter of Mr. Peter and Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, of The Grange, Goring on Thames, and is a niece of the Earl of Normanton



MISS H. C. CLARK

Whose marriage to Mr. D. H. Thomas, son of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Thomas, of West Park, Eltham, will take place in December. Miss Clark is the daughter of Mr. E. G. V. Clark and Mrs. Clark, of Haven, Burntwood Road, Sevenoaks

Royal Scots Greys, and Lady Jessel, of Ladham House, Goudhurst, Kent, and Alison Ann, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, Tixover Grange, Stamford; Captain Ralph Whitin Peters, The Central India Horse, elder son of Mr. T. E. Peters, Gray Creek, British Columbia, and of Mrs. Atkinson Allen, New York, and Elizabeth Mercia, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fraser, Clare House, South Lauder Road, Edinburgh; Mr. A. MacLehose, son of James MacLehose, LL.D., and Mrs. MacLehose, Smith Square, Westminster, and Elisabeth Hope Bushell, only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. Bushell, V.C., D.S.O., and Mrs. C. Bushell, Hooker's Green, Bishopsbourne, Canterbury; Commander P. C. V. Ross, Royal Navy, son of the late Rev. E. F. Vesey Ross, Rector of Water Stratford, and of Mrs. Shaw Wilson, and Roswitha, only daughter of Lieut.-Commander Baustaedt, late Imperial German Navy, and Mrs. Baustaedt.





*T*O the brilliance of the occasion the mellowness of "Nell Gwynn" candle-light adds a welcome air of mystery . . softening, as it were, the harshest voice . . setting table-ware a-twinkle . . . whispering to the delighted guest that here, indeed,

is a hostess inspired to do even the "little things" supremely well. The mellowness of their light is only one of the reasons that make "Nell Gwynn" Candles so charming. Their tapered shapes and lovely colours are also part of the magic spell they weave.

**INSIST ON FIELD'S *Nell Gwynn* CANDLES FOR THEY ALONE HAVE ALL THESE UNIQUE ADVANTAGES:—**

1. The colours are long-lived, being solid dyed not merely surface tinted.
2. Nell Gwynn Candles do not chip, scratch or wilt.
3. When burning, there is no white ring beneath the flame, as with surface tinted candles.
4. They burn longer, with a very mellow light.

FIELD'S



*Nell Gwynn*  
SOLID-DYED  
DECORATIVE CANDLES

In 36 long-lived colours.  
From six to twenty-four  
inches long. Sold only in  
Boxes (never loose) from  
9d. to 5/6d.

J. C. & J. FIELD LTD.,  
(Candlemakers from 1642)  
LONDON, S.E.1.



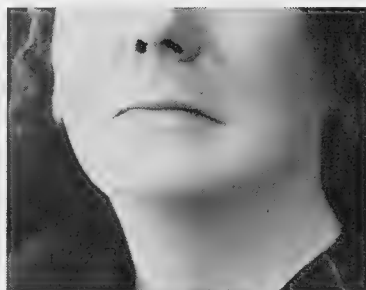
## SOME ONLOOKERS

THE HON. MRS. MICKLETHWAIT  
AND MRS. DAVID COOKPAT BEASLEY, THE HON. MRS. MOUNTJOY  
FANE, AND JOYCE, LADY ALLERTON

## AT NOTTINGHAM RACES

MRS. CLAYTON AND MRS.  
ERNEST STOKES

Nottingham did not provide much light on the question of the Cesarewitch, since the hard going kept many candidates at home. Muscovado won the Nottingham Handicap, Fet doing no better than fourth. Pat Beasley had three rides on the first day, when this photograph was taken, but Denston, third in the Castle Selling Plate, was his only placing. The Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait is Baroness Beaumont's sister, she married Mr. R. G. Micklethwait in 1929. Mrs. Mountjoy Fane is Lord Westmorland's sister-in-law



## ANOTHER FAMOUS HYSTOGEN TREATMENT

These unretouched photographs of a client taken before and after the treatment for the restoration of the facial contour speak for themselves. Other equally amazing treatments include removal of nose-to-mouth lines and bagginess above and below the eyes; nose remodelling; removal of double chin, skin flaws, etc. Correction of outstanding ears. The Hystogen-Derma-Process is the only infallible method, and has been practised in London for the past 25 years by the world's greatest expert. 10,000 men and women have already benefited by this wonder process.

Phone for free consultation or write for literature. Wel. 5846. Est. 1911.

THE HYSTOGEN INSTITUTE, 40, Baker St., W.1

A FROCK? A BLOUSE? A JUMPER?

SINCE 1892

*Bernella*  
REGD  
"of the BETTER kind"

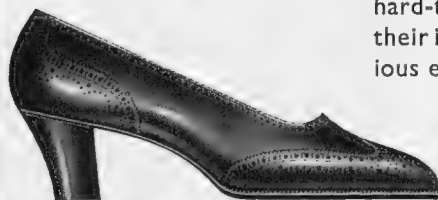
OBTAINABLE AT FASHION HOUSES THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ISLES

J. COWEN & CO., LTD. 1, BERNERS STREET, W.1. (Wholesale only)



*Fashion*  
FINDS HER FEET

well placed in these delightful shoes which are so expressive in Style and Quality. Truly original in design yet in perfect harmony with the mode of the moment, they will satisfy the hard-to-please as well as the hard-to-fit. You too will like their individual Style and luxurious ease and comfort in wear.



Style G.1000. This well-tailored Court style is in Brown Calf — smart leather heel. (Not in I.F.S.) Price 27/9.

SWAN

FASHION SHOES

Send for Style Booklet to Dept. T.S.6, Crockett & Jones, Northampton, England.



"Good-night and thanks so much!"



Let the escutcheon be unsullied and the honour of the hostess enhanced. Let the parting guests give thanks—and be truly thankful. In short, let the Sherry Party be a success, and the Sherry play its appointed part in promoting friendliness and fellow-feeling.

This, the earnest wish of every hostess, is repeated here so that we may point out that Findlater's Sherries can do much to make a successful party.

Here are four of Findlater's most popular Sherries:—

	Per doz. bottles.		Per doz. bottles.
FINDLATER'S COURT	48/-	FINDLATER'S MARCH BROWN	72/-
Medium dry pale, excellent at any time of the day.		Generous, but without heaviness.	
FINDLATER'S FINO	63/-	FINDLATER'S AMONTILLADO No. 16	88/-
Pale amber, with an excellent aroma of the "flor."		Our Chairman's favourite Sherry. Dry and distinctive.	

A sample case containing one bottle of each is available at 20/- carriage paid. Sample case offer and prices, United Kingdom only.

Agents for Findlater's Sherries all over the World.

New York: Greig Lawrence and Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City.

# FINDLATER'S

## SHERRIES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

FINDLATER MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD., 90-92 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1



CARSWELL PIONEER

The property of Mrs. Badenoch Nicolson

## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There is in some quarters a prejudice against a bitch as a companion, versus a dog. This is quite a wrong idea. Bitches make excellent companions, in some ways better than dogs; they are more affectionate, cleaner in the house, and do not roam away like dogs do. They are also every bit as clever and amenable. I have often wondered why the name of the female dog should be an insult, and a thing not

to be spoken of in polite society; one talks about cows, but bitches must not be mentioned. People are more sensible about these things than they used to be. Our old Journals are delightful in their refinement about these subjects; in fact, they convey the idea that we were really super-refined in those days. There were desperate efforts to convey meanings without saying the objectionable word. "Mother dog" was usually employed; and on one occasion it rose to "brood dog." I often wonder if we were really as refined as all that!

One of the features of the present time is the renewed interest taken in working Pointers and Setters. Trials are held in many places and always attract a lot of spectators. Women are doing very well in this branch of sport. One of the newer kennels which has come much to the fore is Mrs. Badenoch Nicolson's. She has done extremely well and her keenness and enthusiasm are a great help to the movement. The photograph is of her good Pointer dog, Carswell Pioneer. He is home bred by Isle of Arran Fleet. Among his wins are 1st Kennel Club Derby Stakes, 1937; 1st West Midland; 2nd Scottish Gundogs Association; and 1st Scottish Field Trials Puppy Stakes—not a bad record for a youngster. Mrs. Badenoch Nicolson has a very good brother and sister of Pioneer's for sale, both well trained and promising for next year's trials, which is an opportunity for anyone wishing to start. Pointers,

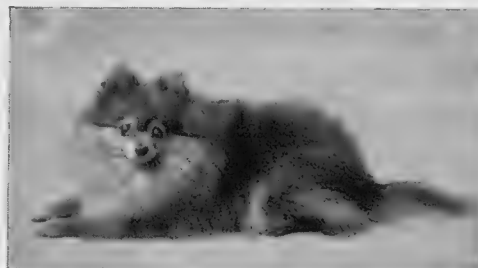
English and Irish Setters for work and show may always be had from her kennels, and there are usually a few Cocker puppies for sale.

The Pug is a dog of great character. He is a born house dog; one cannot imagine an outdoor kennel of Pugs. He has a long and honourable history, and has always been made much of. At one moment he was rather pushed aside by other and newer breeds, but he has come to his own again now. Mrs. Swainston Goodger owns a well-known kennel of Pugs. She sends a picture of the black dog, Prempeh of Hopeworth, who is considered one of the best youngsters of the day. He is not yet three years old, and has won twenty-five firsts. Any-one interested in Pugs should read the delightful book, "The Pug Dog: Its History and Origin," by Mrs. Swainston Goodger, which treats of the Pug from the earliest times, with full instructions how to look after them now.



PREMPEH OF HOPEWORTH

The property of Mrs. Swainston-Goodger



TOY POM

The property of Miss Little

The Pom is one of the prettiest of the Toy breeds; a really good Pom is a perfectly balanced little animal. They are also very attractive in character, being extremely clever, sharp little things and make splendid companions. Miss Little has had a well-known kennel for some time. She sends a photograph of her good little dog, Shining Bubbles, bred by her, and the sire of wonderful puppies, one of which was sent last year to the Maharajah of Kapurthala. Miss Little has some good puppies and adults for sale now.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

MUSIC

IN MODERN TEMPO



AS pure in its aesthetic workmanship as in its incomparable tone—the modern Steinway Piano. Preserving the ageless perfection beloved of the maestro, embodying all that is new in mechanical production, in size and appearance to accord with the ultra-modern small flat, or with the lofty elegance of the mansion salon. Prices are equally modern—commencing with an upright Model at as little as £95.



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£157.10s. The new Steinway "S" Baby Grand—see, hear and play this beautiful instrument at Steinway Hall, or at accredited agents throughout Gt. Britain. If desired you may extend payment over a convenient period with a first outlay of only £16

Prices of Steinway Grands—five different models  
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By Appointment

YARDLEY

*Beauty Replacements  
from Bond Street  
-in demand all over the world*



In gay Vienna, as in beauty centres everywhere, Yardley Beauty Replacements are in great demand.

# 33, Old Bond Street - the World!

Is your mirror as happy as you are, over your summer adventures? Chances are, it is making the same frank remarks now being made by mirrors everywhere. Skin dry, leathery, roughened—that's from exposure! Wrinkles, lines, yellowness, greasy patches—the unwelcome gifts of blazing sunshine. Isn't it time to learn the facts of beauty? They have sent thousands of women from every civilized country to the address above to learn that: Sun, exposure, time itself are constantly stealing your skin's vital functioning elements. You can cover their loss—for a while. But to be beautiful—put them back again! The few lovely Yardley pots do not contain the usual substitutes for your lost beauty—but replacements of it! The simple, pure, far-from-expensive substances that are the functional necessities of every adult skin. Come yourself to Bond Street, to see how they wake your face to living beauty. Or follow the treatment below. Write for the little volume "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street" and the name of your nearest dealer anywhere in the world.

## YARDLEY HOME TREATMENT

### POWDER, CREAMS AND LOTIONS ALL 5/6

LIQUEFYING CLEANSING CREAM	To remove all impurities.
SKIN FOOD	A nourishing cream for night use.
TONING LOTION	To tone Dry and Normal Skins.
ASTRINGENT SKIN TONIC	To tighten and restore youthful contours to oily skins.
COMPLEXION MILK	A liquid and protective cleanser specially recommended for use during the daytime.
ENGLISH COMPLEXION CREAM	A light nourishing cream and powder base for the busy woman.
FOUNDATION CREAM	A powder base for normal and oily skins.

Finally, for make-up in the Mayfair manner, use

YARDLEY CREAM ROUGE 2/- · LIPSTICK TO MATCH 3/- · EYESHADOW TO TONE 2/-  
ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER 3/6, in the shade of your choice.



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Cloths  
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### COVENT GARDEN

Temple  
Bar 4477  
10 lines.

Corner of King  
St. and Bedford  
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## Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 71

In 1904 a certain Power sent a big fleet a long way across the world to fight another Power who was close to his bases and warship hospitals. We know what happened. The soldier who commanded the Spanish Armada got off lightly by comparison. His escapade had a better chance of success than the 1904 one, because, at any rate, he was not operating so far away from his bases, but he thought he could score a quick trick, so he carried on. The 1904 adventurer must have known that he never had a chance, and yet we find so many people anxious for another great Power, or two great Powers for preference, to commit exactly the same mistake. Even if these two great Powers had absolute command of the sea—and without it any overseas operation is farcical—any operation conducted on such long lines would be more hazardous than any possible gain would warrant. There are some situations in which you are faced by a brick wall. You cannot play if the other people have got all the cards and you and your partner hold Yarboroughs. In the particular case of which so many of us are thinking, the worst thing about it all is that the other side knows exactly the value of our hands.

No operations which involve crossing the seas can ever hope for success unless the command of the sea is absolute. Partial command is not enough, for it may happen that, unless your fleet is strong enough to hold the enemy fleet at bay, your expeditionary force may find the door locked behind it, and have no chance whatever of replenishing either its beef and beer store or its ammunition dumps.

It was for this very reason that Germany never attempted invasion during the war of 1914-18. The Imperial General Staff managed to



FISHING THE DOCHFUR WATERS

Paterson

Mr. Nicholas Fitzgerald, Mr. Michael Boardman, a 12-lb. salmon and Sam the ghillie, returning to Dochfour House, where they are the guests of Lady Burton

put up the best bluff ever heard of in the whole history of armed conflict. We did not call it even after the Battle of Jutland because some people still believed it's possible. The enemy's General Staff knew far too much about the game to do anything so stupid. Anyone who would back a horse at these weights must be in the same condition as the entertaining gent who told us not so long ago that we could see the Finsler comet "without optical aid."

\* \* \*

Lady Kitty Ritson, whose sensible letter about fox hunting and cruelty was recently published in these notes, writes me from New Jersey: "I am truly very devoted to animals, but the people who 'rave' about them are as a rule so unintelligent. I mean, they think ponies follow the polo ball for the love of the game, and that all circus horses are wretched! I'd rather be a circus horse than some men's ponies! I do detest dog acts, but I don't believe horses can be much ill-treated or they'd go sour on you. I am now going to Montana to a ranch where I might find another pony like 'Tatters,' my Barb, who is 27 years old, and did the 100-mile long-distance ride the other day at a hound jog of 8 miles an hour! That was cruelty, if you like—only the cruelty was to me! Yet quite a number of people were furious with me for my 'cruelty' because he is only 14.2. Yet, of course, it never strikes the ignorant creatures that I used to walk down the steep hills and loosen his girths."



## IN OTHER WORDS...



*'Peerless Performance! Unparagoned Reliability!! Superlative Quality!!! Transcendental Value!!!! ... Thank you very much, sir. As I was saying about the car, only in different words, these Greys are very good cigarettes.'*

THE **Greys** CIGARETTES  
Ten for sixpence



"ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINE CARS"





# THE THIRTY-FIRST INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT

OCTOBER 14—23

## The Show's the Thing

By JOHN PRIOLEAU

THERE is one essential difference between the motor show into which you will be helplessly sucked to-morrow and all others that have preceded it. I do not refer to the place where it is to be held, though there may be those who will speak of and remember the 1937 show as the first to be held at Earls' Court. And before we go any farther I must remind you that my distinguished colleague-in-cars of THE TATLER spells it "Earl's Court," others "Earls Court." I am sure either one of them must be right, and it is only natural anxiety on my part to spare you any suggestion of monotony that makes me spell it in what must obviously be the wrong way. We only aim to please, and, anyway, it makes a nice change for you. Lots of people have been either born, made or called earl before now.

### No Show Feet.

It is very soon, indeed, yet—a good two days, counting from last night—to offer an opinion on the beauties of or advantages over Olympia of the new place. I have, indeed, only seen it once, when they were displaying masses of bicycles, both leg- and gas-propelled, and it was not, at the moment, I hope, at its best. Earnestly, I hope it was not. Without the least wish to be anything but the very spirit of warm-hearted courtesy, I must record my indelible impression that, barring the bicycles, the bars and the loud speakers, it then closely resembled the interior of an Egyptian tomb or sarcophagus (sarcophagus, I think, because of the lid-like roof) before the decorators hired by the Pharaoh family had begun to paint those comic strips illustrating the career, Before and After, so to speak, of Deceased, which are so fluently deciphered by your dragoman from Alexandria and so delicately reproduced on post cards.

That is in passing only. To-morrow, we may be sure, the place will be a bower of bunting, a feast to the eye and a satisfaction to the senses. Especially the senses. I am told that there will be neither show headache, show colds nor show feet at Earls' Court. Such agonies as you will endure will be torments of the spirit only. Scientifically ventilated, thermostatically warmed, tenderly soled, you will at your aseptic leisure examine the non-dazzlingly illuminated prodigies of the industry.

The essential difference between the motor show of 1937 and those before is this, or rather are these, in reverse

order of interest. 1. There are more cars, or, at all events, more varieties of them. 2. Their lines are regaining some touch of originality. 3. They are more like travelling carriages, less like presentation models of themselves. 5. Their bodies are bigger. 6. There is more money to spend. You will doubtless be surprised if not disgusted to see the last point first, to remark in me a beastly mercenary spirit the more kindly or more fat-headed of you had not hitherto suspected. I can't help that. There is more money to spend, and, praise be, more to spend it on. If that isn't the single blue bird that makes a motor show I have attended them all in vain. And what a lot of them there have been!

### Better Times.

We will go straight on being mercenary. The papers—and who would dream of questioning Our City Editor's sunny optimism, Our Industrial Correspondent's sober enthusiasm, Our Financial Expert's comforting figures?—the papers tell us with praiseworthy persistence that we are much better off than we were I forget how long ago. You believe it, I believe it, perhaps they believe it. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that more of You-All are marching on that snow-white urn or casket with the cheque-book at the ready and the fountain pen loaded and sloped than ever before crawled deprecatingly down the Addison Road "just to see what there is . . . can't afford a new one this year . . . not with gold like it is . . . or with railways as they are. The franc . . . the dollar . . . the string of cowries . . . income-tax . . ." with the return half to Bury St. Edmund's in your pocket, half a crown and a pair of ham-sandwiches. Those were *not* the days, were they?

### A Big Body Show.

Let us concentrate, centralise, concide—a new word that I should have been discovered long ago. It is now discovered (or there is a serious omission in the O.E.D.) by me.

For that more money, so vulgar when it belongs to anyone else, so decently modest when it doesn't, we are going to have far more fun at Earls' Court than we ever had at Olympia, more fun and, I feel fairly sure, taking it by and large (whatever that means), less of that "It might have been" stuff afterwards. Take our list. Reading from the bottom upwards, as advised, we come at once upon the Bigger Body. And that, I ask leave to state, in the most uncompromising terms I can look up in Roget, is the most



"We erected the Belisha Beacons, Montgomery, because we knew that being amongst so many cars, most people would make for them, and automatically stop"

(Continued on p. xxix)

# Motor Show Matters: By JOHN OLIVER

THOSE delightful débutantes who are this very week being presented at Earl's Court are a great deal less talkative than the other kind of débutantes we all know about when they are being presented at another kind of Court. Consequently a bigger duty devolves upon the looker-on, who must seek to convert himself from a receptacle for high-speed chatter into a probe for information. He must enter the new Motor Exhibition building conscious that, if he wishes to derive the full benefit from it, he must behave as an active seeker after knowledge.

"All modern motor cars seem exactly the same to me," said someone with a tired voice the other day. But, then, as Humpty Dumpty pointed out in "Alice in Wonderland," all human faces are the same; two eyes, a nose in the middle and a mouth below. Actually, the 1938 motor cars on show at Earl's Court resemble one another neither more nor less than human faces. There is, this year, a similarity about their general arrangement. Monstrosities are few, the bearded lady is not there, nor is the two-headed wonder. In a word, this is not a freak show, and as it is not a freak show so it demands more attention from the visitor if he is to gain information and instruction from it.

\* \* \*

## Look and Observe.

It was my old friend Sherlock Holmes who first impressed upon the vulgar mind the difference that exists between looking at a thing and observing a thing. Those who go to Earl's Court must cultivate the ability to observe. When they see a motor car with the bonnet in front, the engine underneath it, four road wheels and one steering wheel they must not fall into the error of thinking that they have observed it. It is more necessary this year than ever before to examine and to question and cross-question. Do not be afraid of tiring the man on the stand. Talk to the man at the wheel. Ply him with questions until you have acquired a more than superficial knowledge of each machine that interests you. Jot down the answers and compare them when you get home. Don't be stopped by dirty looks.

Here are a few questions which, if the answers are written down and compared, go some distance towards indicating the way in which cars differ from one another. First, has the car independent wheel mounting and, if so, is the independent mounting on the front wheels only or on all four? Secondly, what is the total weight of the car? Thirdly, what is the brake-horse-power of the engine at maximum revolutions? Fourthly, what is the braking system? Fifthly, what are the major engine features, such as number of cylinders, valves and valve gear? Sixthly, what is the gear ratio of

the steering? Seventhly, what is the turning circle? Eighthly, what is the width of the wind-screen pillars?

\* \* \*

## Differences of Opinion.

If you obtained the answers to all these questions for all the cars in which you were interested, and if you then listed them side by side, you would be able to arrive at a well-founded judgment of their special qualities. I do not say that you could insist that this car was positively better than that, but you could affirm that it was better for your own needs and tastes. It is really impossible to assert that one car is *absolutely* better than another, as I point out to those fulminating correspondents who sometimes write to me at THE TATLER office asking me to "slang" some car that has earned their disapproval or asking me why it is that they never see me affirming categorically that such and such a car is utterly rotten.

These absolute views are all very well in the loose give and take of conversation, but they are inadmissible when one is seeking to utter a fair and considered opinion. For, in the first place, the price of the car must be taken into account. It would be idiotic to compare directly a £150 car with a £1,500 car. Then there is the type of motoring for which the car is designed. It is one of the interests of motoring that it can be tasted in a great many different forms, from the goggles-and-gear-changing form to the chauffeur-cigars-and-Chanel form. One may drive and one may be driven, and between the two are infinite gradations. Each person who visits Earl's Court, then, must judge the cars within his particular price range according to his ideas of what constitutes the pleasantest form of motoring.

\* \* \*

## Technical.

And if he goes, as so many do nowadays, merely to learn what is being done in motor engineering, he will still find plenty to interest him. It is true that sensational advances are few this year. Most makers are consolidating, improving, modifying, but, in the main, adhering to their 1937 formulae. But some of these minor changes are almost as interesting as major ones. There is that matter of economy of weight and economy of parts which has been tackled this year by one manufacturer by the suppression of the fly-wheel. Running parts in the gear-box are made to take over the duties of the fly-wheel and to double them with their own normal duties. That strikes me as a most ingenious and a most valuable modification. So much dead weight is saved without sacrifice in engine smoothness.

## Pars About the Cars

### Ford.

The Ford Company, as it has always done, is holding its own Ford Motor Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall, and this year it has provided a novelty which everybody who is interested in modern methods of motor car production should make a point of going to see. It consists of replicas of some of the departments in the Dagenham factory, with Ford employees actually at work. The Ford cars which will be shown include those which have been described in THE TATLER, the new 8 h.p. car among them, and show the very extensive range of coachwork which can be had. The date of the opening of the Albert Hall Show is the same as that for the Earl's Court Show, October 14, and it runs until October 23.

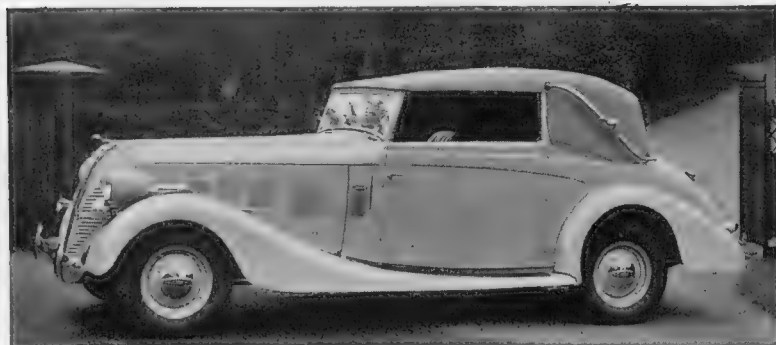
\* \* \*

### Hudson-Essex.

Hudson-Essex cars have acquired a reputation for giving what might be called high-speed comfort. They have always been noted for their performance, and the big eight-cylinder is one of the quickest cars off the mark that can be found on the ordinary market, and they also give big bodies with comfortable seats and the fittings which help to make long runs easy and pleasant. A good deal of attention has been paid recently to the suspension of these cars, and the provision against rolling on corners is effective—as I have reason to know from personal experience. The models range from the 21.6 h.p. six-cylinder up to the special "de luxe club saloon," and include a convertible foursome.



THE IMPROVED FORD V-8 "22"



THE HUDSON SPECIAL DROP-HEAD FOURSOME COUPÉ





*The 25 h.p. Atalanta Saloon £625 (ex Works)*

# The New Balanced Drive



It arouses enthusiasm in everyone who tries one of the new Armstrong Siddeley cars. There is no noise or vibration; the car is so perfectly balanced. It glides forward on the pressure of the accelerator. Gear changing is effected without tremor. You

can run to the maximum speed on any gear in silence, accelerating from walking pace without vibration. Throughout the full range of 14 h.p., 17 h.p. and 25 h.p. cars you have the same effortless control, the same perfect road manners.

**STAND 101 EARLS COURT**



## **BALANCED DRIVE**

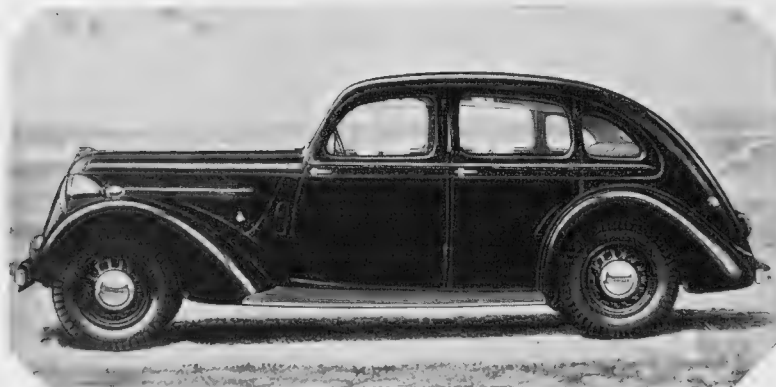
A NEW EXPERIENCE IN MODERN TRAVEL

*You are invited to write for a free copy of this interesting booklet explaining the new Balanced Drive. Please mention "The Tatler."*

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CHRYSLER IMPERIAL 5-SEATER SALOON



THE FLYING STANDARD TWENTY



THE NEW DAIMLER FIFTEEN SPORTS SALOON



THE 4-LITRE BENTLEY



MORRIS FOURTEEN-SIX SALOON

## Chrysler.

Automatic overdrive is a feature of the Chrysler cars, and one that is likely to make a strong appeal because it has been shown that it does reduce fuel costs and wear as well as providing an additional pleasure in the movement of the machine. Another Chrysler feature is the hypoid rear axle, which is by no means a novelty, to be sure, but a design feature whose advantages have only lately been fully realised. There is no doubt that the car interior gives a more roomy effect when the propeller-shaft is kept low, and there is no need for a big kink in the floor. The Chrysler brakes are hydraulic, a form of braking which this company took up and demonstrated early, and they are fully capable of dealing with the high speeds which can be attained. The biggest and most expensive Chrysler is the Imperial limousine, and the least expensive is the Kew touring saloon.

\* \* \*

## Standard.

All-steel saloon bodies are used in the new Flying Standard cars which are being shown at Earl's Court. These bodies are not only successful in that they fulfil the essential requirements of strength and accommodation, but they are also successful in that they please the eye by their external line. In fact, I find the Flying Standards are among the best-looking motor cars in their price range to-day. The cars on show comprise the Nine, Ten, Twelve, Fourteen, Twenty and V-Eight. There have been modifications in the frontal design of the cars, and pistol grip hand-brake levers are used throughout the range.

\* \* \*

## Daimler.

Independent front wheel mounting is introduced on the new Daimler "15," and it should give this car's popularity a considerable stimulus, for there is no doubt that the public is now ready to receive independent front wheel mounting, having appreciated its merits and overcome earlier prejudices against it. With the new mounting there goes a control bar to check rolling, and the consequence is that the "15" represents a vigorous attempt to achieve the perfect system of suspension. Two models of this car are being shown at Earl's Court, and there are also five other cars, including the entirely redesigned coach-built saloon for the Daimler "20." There is also a Daimler "20" limousine almost identical with the first one bought by Queen Mary last year.

\* \* \*

## Bentley.

Protagonist of the silent, smooth-running sports car, the Bentley in its present form must be looked upon as a successful pioneer. It has created a new type of sports car and established it. Performance on the road is the dominant characteristic; but performance obtained without fuss or clatter, performance of the more civilised sort. Four examples of the 4½-litre car are being exhibited at Earl's Court, two saloons, a drop-head coupé and an open tourer. The principal details of the chassis are well known. The engine is a six-cylinder rated at 29.4 h.p. and taxed at £22 10s. It is provided with two carburettors. On the road with this car, manipulation of the four-speed synchromesh gear box, with its right-hand change, is a continual source of delight.

\* \* \*

## Morris.

New colour schemes, a new radiator grille and cellulosed radiator shell and lamp bodies are features of the Series II and Series III Morris cars which are being shown at Earl's Court. As Lord Nuffield announced the other day, all the Morris Series III cars have overhead-valve engines, a big technical change which is extremely costly to make—for the overhead-valve engine is much dearer to manufacture than the side-valve engine—but which will be appreciated by users of the cars. In fact, I regard this change to overhead valves by the Morris Company as one of the important new programme events. The range of cars comprises the Ten-four, Twelve-four, the Fourteen-six, and the Twenty-five, and in the chassis section of the Exhibition there is to be a sectioned model of the Twelve Series III and engine units of the Ten-four Series III and the Eight Series II.



*roomier and more luxurious than ever*



**THE NEW**

## **SUPER SIXES**

New features include—"Phased Suspension" entirely eliminating bounce and sway—an exclusive night-pass lighting system (a touch of the foot extinguishes offside head lamp, simultaneously clarifying nearside curb with fog lamp)—re-designed frame increasing rear track to 61 inches—and new light-foot single plate clutch.

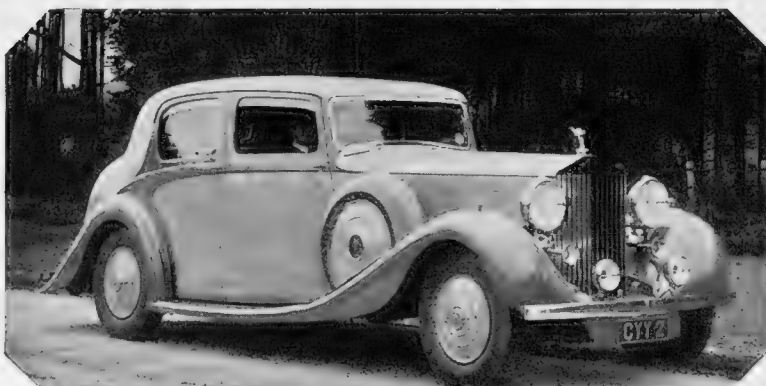


The new Super Sixes are priced from £380. A remarkable 12/48 h.p. saloon which seats 5 people in "pullman" comfort and incorporates features never before offered in a car of this rating, is also announced—prices from £245. So successful have been Wolseleys recently introduced 14/56 h.p. and 18/80 h.p. models, they are continued unchanged for next season completing what is the most distinguished range of motor cars on the road today.

**WOLSELEY PRICES.** 12/48 h.p. Saloon, from £245. 14/56 h.p. Saloon, from £260. 14/56 Salon de Ville, £325. 18/80 h.p. Saloon, from £280. 18/80 h.p. Salon de Ville, £335. "Super Sixes," from £380. 25 h.p. "Super Six" Limousine, £750. All prices ex works. Dunlop Tyres, Triplex Glass and Jackall Jacks are standard equipment on Wolseley Cars.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8 London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M.I.E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England

**BUY THE BETTER BUILT BRITISH CAR**



THE PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE WITH A HOOPER BODY



THE 1938 ROVER FOURTEEN SPORTS SALOON



THE 2-LITRE TRIUMPH VITESSE SALOON



THE AUSTIN TEN CAMBRIDGE SALOON

A BARKER LIMOUSINE ON PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS  
SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER**Rolls-Royce.**

Twelve-cylinder motoring at its best is provided by the Phantom III Rolls-Royce car, two examples of which are to be seen at the Exhibition. The true enthusiast could enjoy himself for a week studying the detail work of this chassis, which proclaims the traditions of craftsmanship in every millimetre. The twelve cylinders under the bonnet are the best drilled team in the world and their work is done suavely, but with terrific efficiency, so that this veritable drawing-room on wheels can move with equal grace and silence at a walking pace and at the speed of an express train. The radiator and frontal design with which we have become familiar keep their air of distinction, and the chassis, with its independently mounted front wheels, must be looked upon as one of the most advanced, fully developed pieces of machinery in existence.

\* \* \*

**Rover.**

It is the boast of the Rover Company that it does not go in for mass production, and there is, without question, always an important demand for what might be called the specialised motor car which is built as an individual machine and not as one of a large batch. The Rover models go up from 10 h.p. to 12, 14, 16 and 20, and they are all of them cars with a strong individuality. It is worth recalling at this time, when they have achieved such general popularity and are to be seen in such large numbers at the Earl's Court Show, that the Rover Company was one of the first—I rather think it was the first—to fit Girling mechanical brakes as standard. These brakes are superlatively good, and they gave, and still give, the Rover cars stopping distances which are remarkable for their shortness, and which confer a big safety factor on the cars.

\* \* \*

**Triumph.**

Triumph cars have been going through a period of intensive development recently, and the 1938 models testify to the great amount of thought and ingenuity that has been spent on them. There was a good deal of controversy about the new frontal design which was adopted some time ago for some of the models, with the sloped slats to the radiator grille. But to-day that design has proved successful, and is liked by owners. It is seen to good advantage in the 14/60 h.p. Triumph Dolomite saloon. Other cars in the Triumph range are the 2-litre, the Gloria Fourteen, the 14/50 Vitesse, and the 2-litre sports saloon. The Triumph prices go from £288 for the Fourteen six-window saloon on the Gloria chassis to £338 for the 2-litre sports saloon.

\* \* \*

**Austin.**

The Austin Company informs me that its biggest show exhibit will be seen this year at Earl's Court. It comprises twelve cars, seven marine engines and a sectioned chassis. Last year, at Olympia, Austins showed eight cars on their main stand. The Big Seven and the Eighteen, being new, will this year attract special interest. The Eighteen is appearing as the long-wheelbase Windsor saloon and as the Norfolk short-wheelbase model. The seating in both these cars is within the wheelbase, and the outlook from the driving seat is particularly good. In ministering to passenger comfort there is the insulation of the engine and transmission and the low-periodicity springing with positive lubrication. The Big Seven engine is rated at 7.99 h.p., and is a side-valve unit with three-bearing crankshaft. It has a downdraught carburettor, coil ignition and cooling by fan and thermosyphon.

\* \* \*

**Barker.**

The Barker company is displaying examples of coachwork on Rolls-Royce, Bentley and Daimler chassis. On one of the Phantom III Rolls-Royce chassis a limousine de ville body is being shown. It seats six or seven people and is upholstered in cloth with blue leather for the front seats. There is a luggage container at the rear and a special Barker sliding type of de ville extension. On the Daimler chassis an enclosed limousine body is shown. It is cellulosed in blue and upholstered in cloth with the front seats in blue leather. The Bentley chassis carries a saloon for four or five people, also in blue, with blue leather upholstery. A fourth example of Barker coachwork to be seen at Earl's Court is on a 25-30 h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce.



BRITISH CARS ARE BETTER BUILT

# Lasting Worth and Dependability have made **AUSTIN**

## BRITAIN'S MOST FAVOURED\* CAR!



\*The increase in new car registrations in Great Britain and Northern Ireland for the twelve months ending July 31st, 1937, over the preceding twelve months, was 23,414. Of this increase 68.5% were Austin cars!

See these cars at Earls Court  
**STAND 104**

The Eighteen Windsor Saloon, £375 at works

## AUSTIN'S 'QUALITY POLICY'

Talk of an Austin and, instinctively, you picture lasting worth; a practical car, a dependable car, a car that looks and is as ready for its second or third year of service as its first—a car whose consistent performance everywhere has earned respect—whose innate quality commands the highest price when at last you come to dispose of it. Detail by detail, an Austin is quality-built.

The figures above\* are striking proof of the trust in which Austin's 'quality policy' is held. There is only one explanation for this preference: motorists recognise Austin investment value. This year, at Earls Court, you will see a more complete range of models than Austin have ever exhibited before at any Motor Show. Now for the details:

### Models from £112 to £160

Economical cars for every taste!—the Baby Seven and the Big Seven. The Baby—most famous light car in the world, pre-eminent for fourteen years; lowest upkeep costs of any car—penny a mile for four, all in; nimble and light to handle; with numerous improvements in design; dependability itself. And the new-comer—the Big Seven—based on the proved qualities of its smaller brother. Roomier, with faster getaway, more comfortable... yet taxed at only £6. A four-door, six-window saloon that gives the best of three worlds—real running-economy, fast, smooth travel and quiet four-passenger comfort.

### Models from £185 to £267

The Ten, the Twelve and the Fourteen—these are the cars that have set up sales records unprecedented in Austin history. From floor to roof they're sound-insulated for quiet travel. In every coachwork competition where they have been exhibited (at the Scottish, the Hastings and the Welsh Rallies) they have won first prizes for beauty and practicality of design. And their consistent performance is so satisfying, so smooth, so flexible, so responsive. This range will be examined with keen interest, embodying as it does all those essentials required by the family motorist—yet with maintenance costs that are most moderate.

### Models from £350 to £650

The new Eighteen. Built with the sweeping lines of the Fourteen, it seats seven passengers in perfect ease. Exceptionally wide doors, the flat floor, and the carefully positioned folding seats, all combine to make the interior readily accessible and spaciouly comfortable. This car provides a good example of a feature studied in all Austins—*maximum driving visibility*. The engine is set well forward and bonnet space reduced, so that the driver can see both side-lights. Lastly, the most imposing model in the range—the seven-seater Mayfair Limousine or Landaulet, a magnificent car with superb performance and every conceivable luxury, yet moderately priced, only £650.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER?

**YOU BUY A CAR... BUT YOU invest IN AN AUSTIN**

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham

## The Show's the Thing—continued from p. xxii

important thing in the whole show. At other, lesser, shows, such as last year's and the eight or ten before that, the most important thing was a butcher-proof gear box, or brakes worked, as it were, by unseen feet, or a car which never let its right-hand front wheel know what its left-hand front wheel was doing about the potholes, or some nice india-rubber that cleverly absorbed the tremors of engines previously bedded on the naked steel. Or a great Silence, a silence of everything that makes a noise, or a great speed or a great power; a great this, a great that; but not, as you will shortly perceive for yourselves, great bodies.

### The Old Back Seat.

Lovely cars they made, lovely things were devised for them, lovely they looked—but you took it out in that. It was enough for you that you left Olympia the tremulous owner of a car that would, ere all was done, set you back a warm thousand pounds. That you would spend the next six months in apologising to such of your friends as had not yet heard about the back seat and had, consequently, been easily lured into it, the fact that if there was room for two small suitcases there was none for a golf-bag; the fact that if you could see out, the screen and/or window was within a few inches of your valuable and irreplaceable eyes; the fact that if you could get into the darned thing without suffering dislocation of the neck, you certainly couldn't get out without bashing the shin; all these things were cheerfully and very properly forgotten in the pride of possessing something a lot better than Mr. Nextdoor's.

Quite right, too. *You* were all right behind the steering wheel, with room for your legs and in no serious danger of hitting the roof with your skull. As for the chaps—well, that was just too bad, but didn't they notice how easily she touched seventy up Porlock, how gracefully she had that Grand Prix Bugatti wondering whether it was going or coming? Wasn't that enough for them? It was for you. But, you know, people didn't always quite get the point of the old story, "Love me, Love my Car." They were rather apt to say they had rheumatism and that it would be wiser to go by train. I, who write, and you, who may be reading, have often gone by train without rheumatism, have we not?

### Car, Contours.

The several hundred cars upon which your astounded gaze will dwell to-morrow will be different—or, at all events, some of them will

be. They will certainly be silent and fast. I myself have already looked into the matter in several cases on the King's highway, and for their various powers and standards I have never known faster or quieter cars. And their lines will be distinctly better than last year. Those English and Continental designers who have at last torn their fascinated eyes from the mesmeric American profile (a peach, I call it, as often as not) have broken out in a place that is not only comparatively new but decidedly pleasing; while those who have still got that Detroit complex are making the best of a very good job and displaying for your critical appreciation a thoroughly agreeable contour that flatters both Michigan and the Midlands.

### Wireless on the Road.

They will be, as I said, cars for travelling, cars that you will not hesitate to use instead of the train—not now and then, but every time and everywhere—but, above all, they will, for the most part, be cars really big enough to carry full or outsize persons. Not the Tiddlers, of course, nor the Nippers, nor (perhaps a subtle distinction) those that Give-You-That-Big-Car-Feeling. Nice kids these, all of them (specially two), but definitely kids, you know, still in rompers, apt to interrupt their elders and all that. I mean the cars that you buy to please yourself, not (this is an absolute lie) like the hat a woman buys to annoy her friends. They will have everything you or the makers can think of to make you comfortable and to keep you from being bored. All sorts of things have been changed by just that little that makes so much difference and sows so much bitterness in the hearts of those who have already bought the model of the day before. I greatly regret to state that wireless is included in the things some makers give you—or, if you must be so accurate, fit for you on an agreement of mutual advantage. There are lots of places where a radio set should be forbidden, and a car heads the list.

### Seats for the Mighty.

Radios you can have and all sorts, but the main thing overtops them all in everything. This year, agonising though your choice may be, endless the hours you spend in making and unmaking it, you will suffer less than you did last year or at any time before by just that essential, the essential difference between a dozen Olympias and the first Earls' Court. You need not worry about where you are going to sit in your new car. I call that the greatest invention of the motoring age. Don't you?



THE BEAUTY OF THE MOST INTERESTING CAR OF THE YEAR



Earls Court Motor Show STAND 85

THE NEW  
Daimler  
'FIFTEEN'

This beautiful car will awaken interest at first glance, but it is beauty wedded to comfort, and comfort to the road-holding qualities of a modern racing car—beauty and dignity combined with dash—that make this new Daimler the most interesting car of the year.

How was it done? By patient experiment under four headings. Modification of a sound system of independent front wheel springing. Torsional sway control. Distribution of weight. Inter-axle seating. The result is a perfectly proportioned 5-seater car that floats over bad road surfaces—yet corners as though on rails—that

takes fast curves without roll or sway. You will find the steering of this car the lightest, yet the most positive, you ever handled. Certainly an interesting car—as a trial would show.

- Independent front wheel springing
- Anti-roll control bars front and rear
- Inter-axle seating. Positive steering
- Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission with pre-selective self-changing gearbox

(Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair and Daimler Patents)

(16.2 H.P.)  
SIX-LIGHT SALOON

£475

See this car at your nearest distributor or write to THE DAIMLER CO. LTD., COVENTRY, and arrange a trial.

British cars last longer





Stonehenge, Wiltshire. The origin of this world-famed prehistoric megalith and the source of the stones which form it are matters for conjecture. Its exact locality is two miles outside Amesbury to the West.

Route from London—Staines, Bagshot, Camberley, Hartley Wintney, Basingstoke (by-pass), Andover, Amesbury. 85 miles.

Some makes of car announce 'special' models—for which a higher price is asked. If you will carefully compare their performance and specification with the perfectly standard M.G. you will make an interesting discovery. On every point the M.G. competes more than favourably with these 'specials'—but doesn't cost as much.



SAFETY FAST!

*"British cars are better built — British cars last longer"*

M.G. Midget Series T £222 • M.G.  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -Litre from £280 • M.G. Two-Litre from £389 • Prices ex works. Dunlop, Triplex

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED • ABINGDON-ON-THAMES • BERKSHIRE

SOLE EXPORTERS—M.I.E. LTD. • COWLEY • OXFORD • ENGLAND



THE NEW HUMBER SIXTEEN SALOON

Humber.

Two new Humber cars are included in the 1938 programme, one of them being the Sixteen saloon which sells at £330. Then there is the new Snipe, which is rated at 20.9 h.p. All the Humber cars are six-cylinder cars, and they all have four-speed gear boxes and the Evenkeel suspension. The engine of the Snipe has side valves and a capacity of 3,181 c.c. It

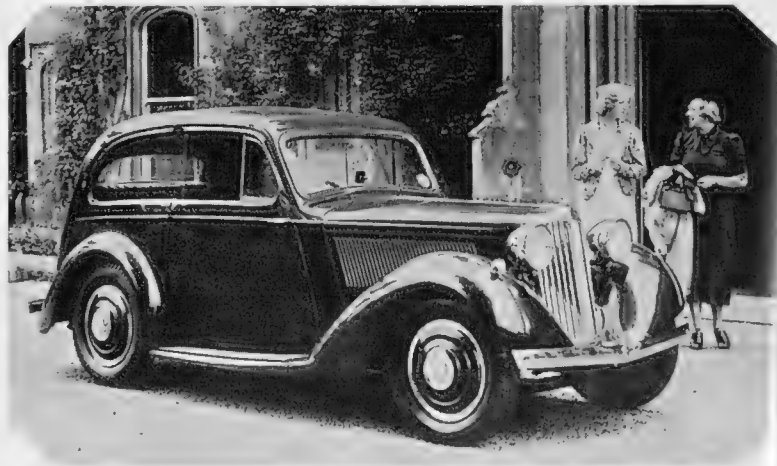
has an aluminium alloy high-compression head and damper-controlled balanced crankshaft. For starting there is an automatic choke, and engine temperature is thermostatically controlled. The Evenkeel suspension was adopted about two years ago by the firm, and has proved entirely successful. A transverse leaf spring is used, and with this, as with all really good independent wheel mountings, the rear-seat passengers gain as much in increased comfort as the front, because the movements of the entire car are smoothed out and made easier.

The biggest Humber cars are the Snipe Imperial and the Pullman. They both have the same engine, but the Pullman has a longer wheelbase, and is therefore well suited to limousine and landaulette coachwork.

Talbot.

The name of Talbot is one which revives memories in all those who have followed the history of motor car racing from the early days. And as always happens when a name is connected with racing successes, that one comes to expect certain special things from the car bearing it. One expects, for instance, good road holding and good braking. One expects a driving position which will enable the car to be mastered under all conditions. One expects well-placed, well-designed controls. One expects, in fact, a great deal. No one will question that the Talbot Company has sought to fulfil the expectations of those who are aware of the greatness of its reputation. These cars repay close examination. So far as their road performance goes, the model I had out most recently was the 10 h.p., and it gave me comfortable, safe and quite fast motoring. For the price, and considering its economy in running, this is a remarkable little car.

The illustration shows the latest body line, and is an indication of how well proportioned this little car is. There is nothing "tiny" about it, yet it has the economy advantages of a small car, and is also particularly pleasing to handle in traffic. The controls are so well balanced and so light that there is almost no work to do.



THE LATEST TALBOT "TEN"

# George Brough INTRODUCES HIS 1938

## **Brough Superior** 3½-LITRE MODEL

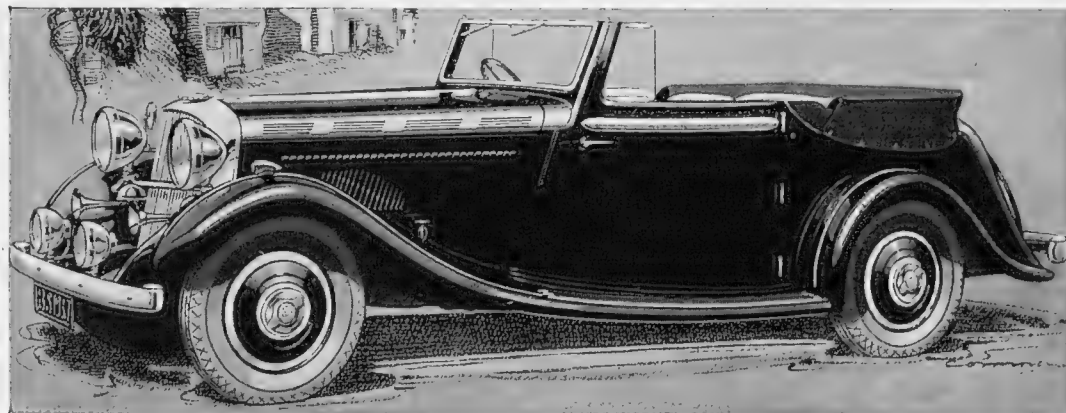
George Brough (known for his remarkable motorcycles) has produced another even more interesting car. Satisfying in proportion and line, the 1938 Brough Superior offers noteworthy performance with perfect road holding and controlled steering even at the high speeds of which it is capable. (For the Alpine Sports model, the "Motor" s official figures were: standing mile, 94 m.p.h., 0-50 m.p.h. in 7 1/5 secs.). It is also of interest to note that the standard Brough Superior is fitted with a patent Dual Purpose body, convertible from Tourer to Saloon in 5 seconds by one person.

The Brough Superior 3½-litre  
22 h.p. models.

Dual Purpose Drophead Coupe  
de Luxe, 4-seater - £665  
As above but supercharged £775  
Alpine Grand Sports (super-  
charged) - £845  
Saloon, 4-door, double sliding  
roof - £695

★ DURING THE SHOW we shall be happy to arrange demonstrations of the Brough Superior models at the Showrooms of

Sole Distributors for  
London and the Home Counties  
**THE MOTOR COMBINE**  
365 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.  
Phone: EUSTon 4141.



BROUGH SUPERIOR CARS LIMITED, NOTTINGHAM



# British



# Cars are

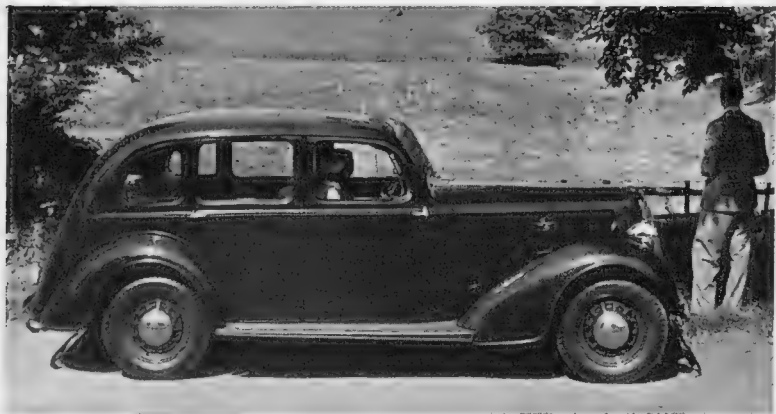
# Better

# Built

*-and last longer*



THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE



THE NEW HILLMAN "14"

**Hillman.**

The Hillman Minx was always a favourite, and in its new form it will obviously maintain its popularity. It incorporates the features which people look for nowadays, and it does so without sacrificing those qualities which have given it its good reputation. I think, too, that the new frontal design is rather unusually good. I am doubtful about how high the radiator grille should be brought, and there is something to be said for the low and sloping grille as exemplified in some smart Continental cars; but for the new Minx the rather high grille is right. The car has many small points of interest; among them the spare wheel locker lid which hitches on to the rear bumper if the wheel has to be changed, and so gives a practicable rear light while the change is in process.

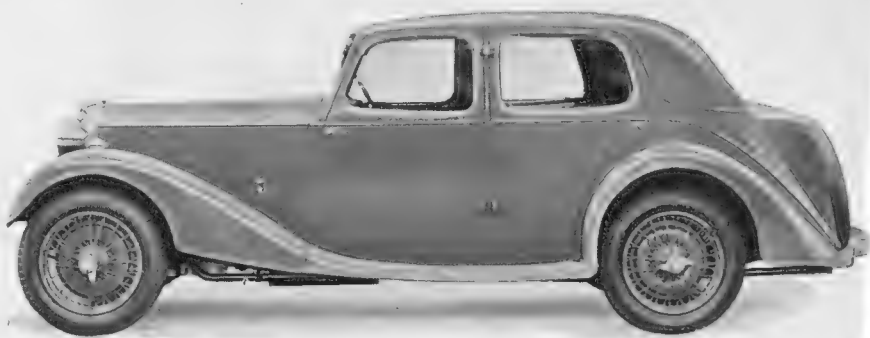
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**Riley.**

The new four-cylinder Riley is a 16 h.p. car, and is fitted with the dual overdrive transmission. This really provides five forward speeds with only three gear lever positions, overdrive on second and top being obtained automatically when the accelerator pedal is released. This is a form of transmission for which I predict a successful future, for it enables the best to be got out

of the car without too much juggling with levers. I suppose everybody in their right mind would like as many gear ratios to his car as possible, provided that he did not have to change them. The popularity of the three-speed gear box is undoubtedly due in some measure to the dislike of gear changing. But when some of the changes are done for you, then the advantages of having five forward speeds are appreciated. Rileys have made a well-judged move in adopting this dual overdrive. In addition to the new 16 h.p. four-cylinder Riley there will also be shown at Earl's Court the 1½-litre, as touring saloon, Kestrel saloon and Adelphi saloon, the 15 h.p. six-cylinder as Adelphi saloon, and the eight-cylinder car as Adelphi saloon. The eight-cylinder has a V type engine, and is a five-seater. The general appearance of the new Rileys has been improved by the addition of chromium slats to the radiator and by a regrouping of horns and fog lamp.

Appearance has always been a thing about which Rileys have had something of more than ordinary importance to say. The famous Nine created a form and a formula which was subsequently seen echoed and re-echoed in other cars all over the world. And to-day in the 1938 models we see Riley still offering something at once novel and pleasing to the eye. There is economy in the line of the new Riley coachwork and that, in the modern car, is a thing which goes a long way towards satisfying the judge of appearance. There is one other thing about Riley appearance which demands mention; it is that the external line is appropriate to the character of the car. The 1½-litre touring saloon, which is here shown, illustrates this point.



THE RILEY 1½-LITRE TOURING SALOON

A UNIQUE EXHIBITION during the Motor Show  
of ROLLS-ROYCE and BENTLEY  
at the showrooms of

**Jack BARCLAY Ltd.**

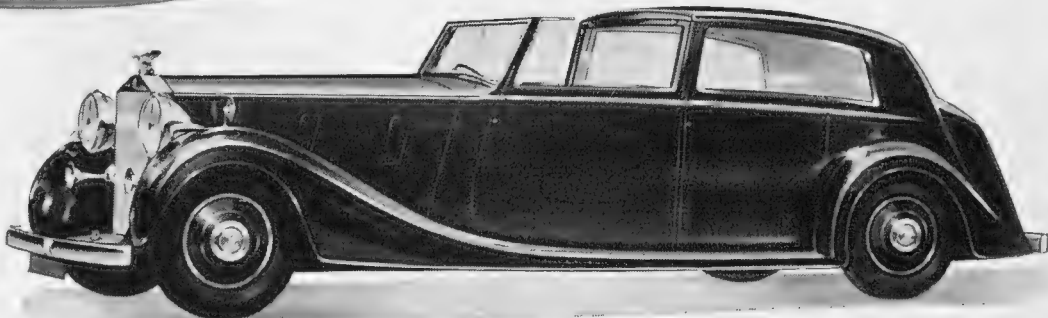
12-13 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone Mayfair 7444 (20 lines)



*At Jack Barclay's Showrooms  
October 14 — 23*

Nowhere else can you examine side by side so large and varied a selection of fine coachwork for Rolls-Royce and Bentley as at the *Special Exhibition* of these cars now being held at Jack Barclay's showrooms in Hanover Square. Everyone interested in the latest developments in the style and design of coachwork for the Best Car in the World and the Silent Sports Car should make a point of paying a visit.



One of the cars in the Jack Barclay Exhibition — a *Limousine de Ville* executed by H. J. Mulliner on a Phantom III Rolls-Royce chassis. A similar car is also on H. J. Mulliner's Stand No. 46 at the Motor Show.



Authorities on **ROLLS-ROYCE** and **BENTLEY** — and maintaining the largest exhibition of these cars in London



O.H.V. ENGINES *with*

VIVID

ACCELERATION



... ON 10, 12, 14 & 25 H.P. MODELS

MORRIS

EARLS COURT STAND 65

★ Vivid Acceleration is of course as great a safety factor as good braking.

If you don't buy Morris at least buy a car made in the United Kingdom

MORRIS EIGHT (Series II) Tax £6 Prices from £126	MORRIS FOURTEEN Tax £10.10 (Series III) SALOON (Sliding Head) - £248.10
MORRIS TEN (Series III) Tax £7.10 Prices from £185	MORRIS TWENTY-FIVE (Series III) Tax £18.15 Prices from £320
MORRIS TWELVE (Series III) Tax £9 Prices from £205	Jackall Hydraulic Jacks included on the Twenty-five— £5 extra on the 10, 12 and 14 h.p. models <i>All prices ex works</i>

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD

(Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England) M.207



THE LANCHESTER  
"ROADRIDER" DE  
LUXE SALOON

#### Lanchester.

Lanchester cars of very early design appear with regularity at the assemblies of veteran cars which are held in various parts of the country; and those early models are always worth study on account of the brilliant originality and the remarkable design ability to which they bear witness. But in the remoter past the Lanchester was a distinctly expensive car. This year a Lanchester "Eleven" in fabric-topped saloon form can be bought for £275, and, so far as I can remember, this is the cheapest car of the make ever offered to the public. The "Eleven," in common with the other Lanchester cars, has the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear box. The 14 h.p. "Roadrider" has been redesigned in a special version which will be seen for the first time at the Earl's Court Show. The other Lanchester model for 1938 is the "Eighteen," for which a new range of coachwork has been provided.

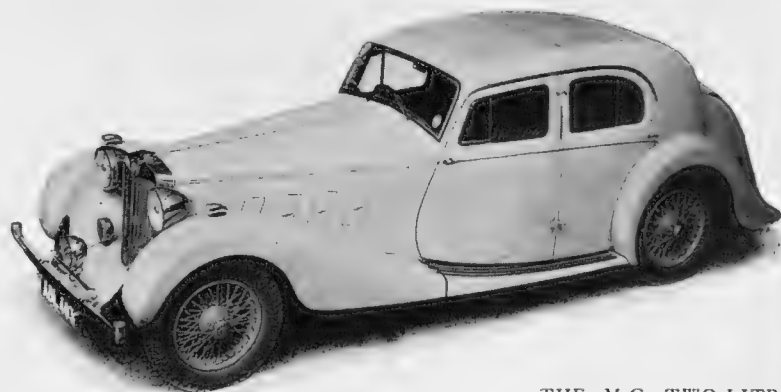
The new "Roadrider" De Luxe is in many ways a remarkable car. It has independent front wheel mounting, using large coil springs and swinging arms, and it has the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission. Other features of the car are the large built-in luggage compartment

and the way in which interior ventilation has been arranged for without the use of pivoted quarter lights. When the new De Luxe "Roadrider" was introduced at the London Casino the other day it made an excellent impression. The smaller Lanchester model can now be had with an ordinary synchromesh gear-box as an optional component in place of the fluid flywheel and self-changing transmission.

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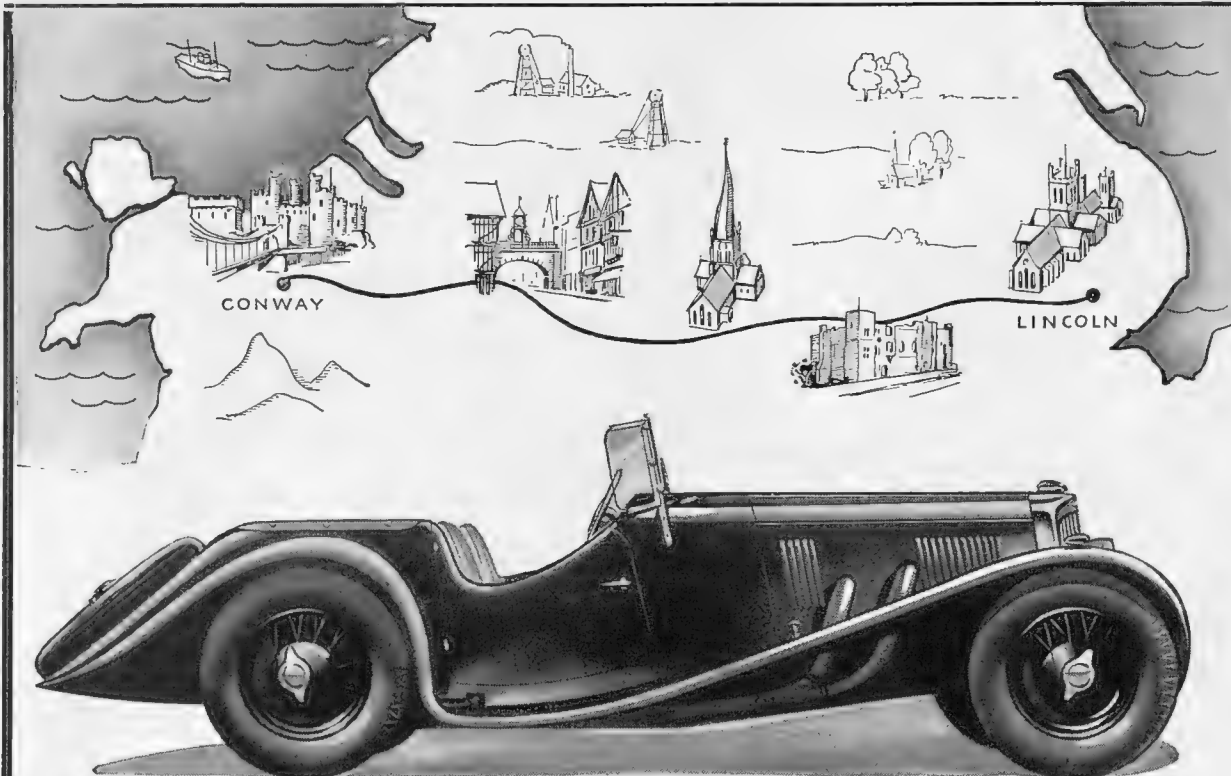
#### M.G.

Owners of M.G. motor cars in general seem to take a good deal of interest in technical matters, so that the decision of the company to exhibit at Earl's Court a sectioned and working chassis of the 1½-litre model is a wise one. It is in keeping with the essential character of the car that engine and chassis should be accorded rather special honour, for the M.G. is born and bred in an atmosphere of technical endeavour. It made its mark in racing, and it has retained ever since a strong flavour of high speed and controllability. Yet we find that there have been at the same time improvements in silence and a notable increase in running refinement. The M.G. Company was among the first to announce new models when development makes it desirable and not as a regular annual routine. For 1938 the M.G. Midget Series T, the 1½-litre and the two-litre models are continued—a thing for which M.G. enthusiasts will be grateful.



THE M.G. TWO-LITRE  
FOUR-DOOR SALOON

DISTANCES SEEM SHORTER IN THE ASTON MARTIN !



NEW "15/98" h.p.

ASTON  MARTIN  
fast luxury

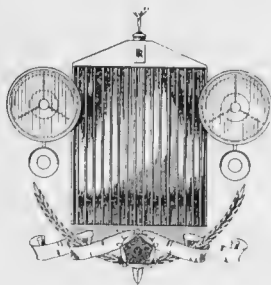
*Proved in  
Pedigree -  
new in  
Luxury*

PURELY track-bred cars are a shade too Spartan nowadays. Luxury cars just miss that spark of Life. Now comes the solution—the new "15/98" Aston Martin. Speed with smoothness, racing tradition with luxury travel—here is a car that creates a new category for the enlightened motorist. 1938 Models—2/4 Seater, £575. Coupé, £625. Long Chassis Models—Open Four Seater, £575. Saloon, £595.

Earls Court  
STAND No. 117.

Aston Martin Ltd., Feltham,  
Middlesex. Phone: Feltham 2291





## ROLLS-ROYCE DESIGNED THIS RADIATOR THIRTY YEARS AGO

"If one goes back to the first Rolls-Royce one saw—on a Scottish moor, rolling down to Goodwood, or idling through the Berkeley Square that was—one must realise that the car of then looked little different from the car of now.

The point is significant, for Rolls-Royce has never changed for the sake of change. There have been improvements, but not improvisations. The radiator of thirty

years ago, which a friend once described to me as being 'as instinctively right as an Adams portico' will be no less distinguished in 1947 than it is in 1937.

I think that the car emphasises more vividly than any other the futility of constant switching and changing about to meet what is believed to be a passing fashion in exterior line." — *Morning Post* 9th September 1937

## ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 6201



Showrooms — St. James's Street.

## The Finest Car in the World

### HOOPER ROLLS-ROYCE

More than a hundred years of practical experience is represented in every motor body completed by Hooper & Co. Prospective purchasers are invited to inspect the wide range of latest examples of fine coachwork to be seen at 54, St. James's Street, and at the new works at Park Royal, also at Earl's Court, Stand No. 45, from October 14-23.

Hooper & Co. always have in stock many used cars of outstanding value.



By  
Appointment



Hooper Coachwork  
will be exhibited at  
Earls Court on the  
following Stands

H O O P E R	
45	
R O L L S - R O Y C E	
83	
D A I M L E R	
85	

New Factory—Park Royal.

## HOOPER & CO

(COACHBUILDERS) LTD

Motor Body Builders to His Majesty The KING

54, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1



Kennington Service

# Show-piece

For 10 days at Earls Court Motor Show, Chrysler take the stage and quietly give a foretaste of the new motoring year. It is natural that motorists who wish to become aware of the newest trend, or the latest piece of perfected detail, should look first to Chrysler. 'Floating Power' engine mounting; Automatic Overdrive; Aerodynamic body lines—all are taken for granted now, but were Chrysler innovations once.

These new models, undisturbed in their proved essentials, bear the same progressive touch and promise of more luxurious motoring for the coming year. A fresh curve of line front and rear... a subtle concession to muscular comfort in the height of the seats... a larger windscreen area... a shifting of the angle of ventilation: Small things? Yes, but there is one big one—Chrysler's new High Compression Engine! Try it on the open road.



MAKERS OF

DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CARS

# Chrysler

CHRYSLER MOTORS LTD., KEW, SURREY



THE NEW 17-H.P. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

Armstrong Siddeley.

There is a tendency sometimes in the motoring world to place excessive faith in slogans. Grandiose names are given to design changes and modifications of small moment, and attempts are made to create the idea that a motor car is appearing for the first time with some astonishingly novel device simply by using a novel phrase. But, as I explain in more detail on another page, the Armstrong Siddeley "Balanced Drive" is more than a new slogan; it is a new approach to the transmission system, and an approach which should provide notable economies in weight. The elimination of the specialised fly-wheel is a step towards improved power-to-weight ratio, and I expect the new Armstrong Siddeley cars to show correspondingly improved performance with great refinement in running. The models for Earl's Court are the 25 h.p., the 17 h.p. and the 14 h.p., and they will be shown with various bodies, including limousine, touring saloon, coach-built saloon, six-light saloon, and what the company calls the "town and country saloon."

\* \* \*

Wolseley.

When the new 12 h.p. Wolseley car appeared a short time ago I was invited to Birmingham and was given a demonstration run which took us over a piece of ground which looked as if it had recently been bombed with 112 lb. bombs. The pot-holes were big enough



THE NEW 12/48 WOLSELEY

to have a bath in, almost to swim in, and it was distinctly attention-creating to rush at them at unabated speed. The Wolseley took them in a remarkably steady way. In fact, I do not remember a suspension system which can give an easier ride to both front- and rear-seat passengers. Afterwards we went over the same ground again in the 25 h.p. Wolseley, and that also ate up the pot-holes as if it liked them, and left the passengers free from shock and bounce. The reason for this excellent riding is what the Wolseley people call their "phased suspension." This is a form of suspension in which there is a pre-determined adjustment of relationship between weight distribution and wheelbase. The 12 h.p. car is a full five-seater, and has a number of other interesting points, so that it should be examined at Earl's Court.

I must add one other thing about the Wolseley cars for 1938, and it concerns the outlook from the driving seat. At Birmingham, on the ground in front of the factory offices, lines representing the new Institution of Automobile Engineers standard for driving visibility had been chalked out, and it was instructive to place the car in position on this diagram and to note how its visibility fitted the official standard. Actually the Wolseley visibility is enormously better than the standard. The five-sided figure which had been chalked out and which represents maximum permissible blanked-out area, could be seen all round—except where the car was actually standing—and the line of visibility came closer to the car at all points than is demanded by the official standard. This was the first time I have compared a car with the new standard, and it showed how careful design can produce good outlook.

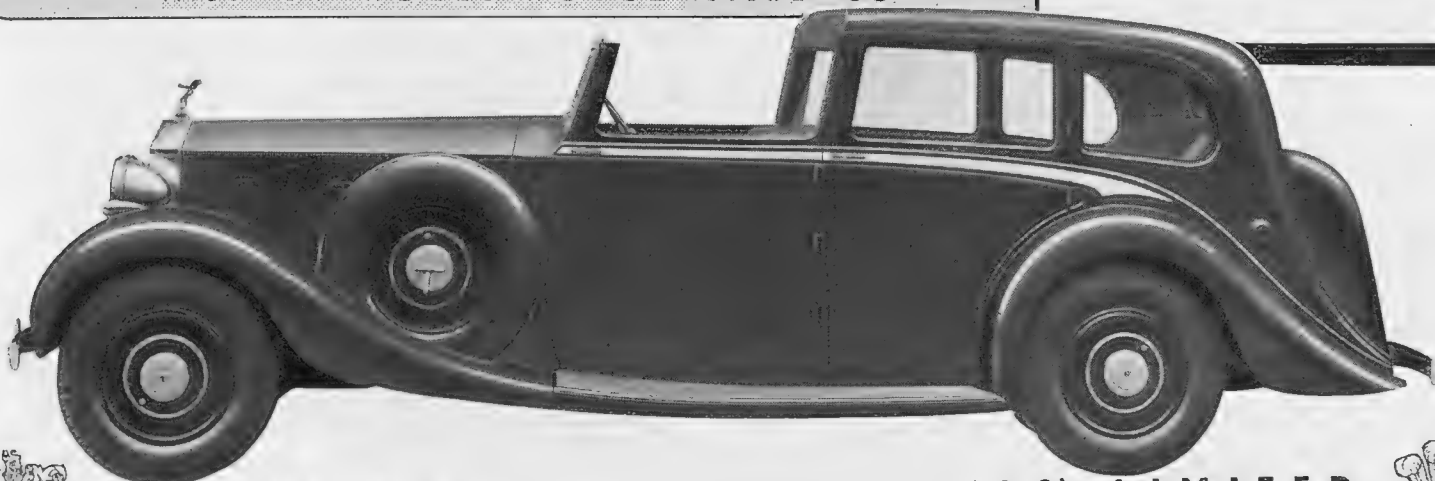


# BARKER Coachwork

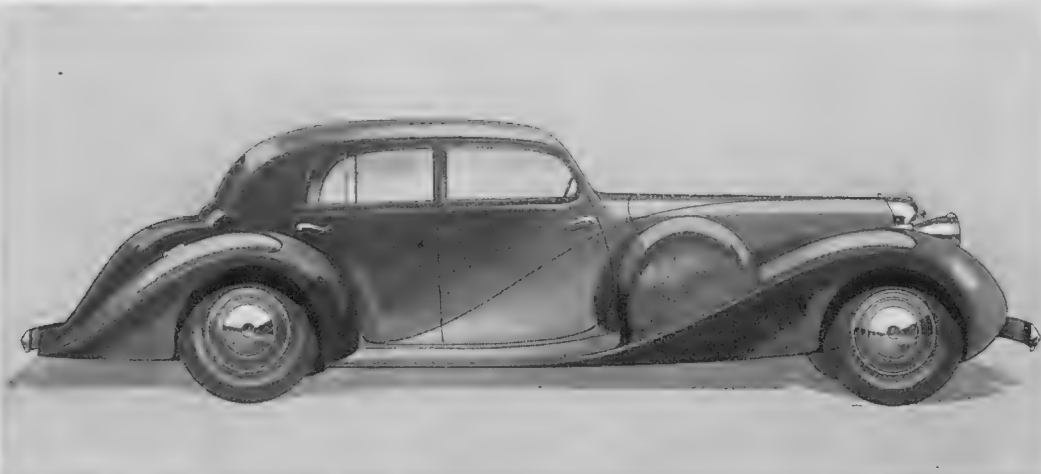
ACKNOWLEDGED THE WORLD'S BEST

MOTOR SHOW EARLS COURT Stand 23  
Also on ROLLS-ROYCE Stand 83

Barker Limousine de Ville on  
40/50 H.P. Rolls-Royce Phantom III  
Chassis.



**BARKER & CO (COACHBUILDERS) LIMITED,**  
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Coachbuilders to H.M. The King Established 1710 Telephone: Grosvenor 2421



The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda Saloon

## New LAGONDA programme

TWO ENTIRELY NEW MOTOR  
CARS BY  
**W. O. BENTLEY**

New low-built ultra-rigid frame.

New Lagonda-design independent front-wheel suspension.

New shock-free precision steering.

New light-action Lockheed Safety Brakes

All-quiet centre-change gear-box, all synchromesh except from 2nd-1st.

New Lagonda coachwork of advanced design, a perfected combination of sheer beauty and comfort.

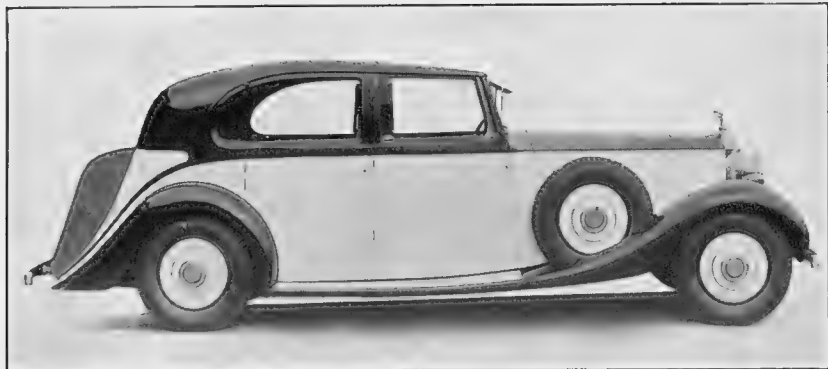
### Six Cylinder

10' 7½" chassis ...	£875
"Rapide" ...	£1,150
Saloon ...	£1,195
Drophead Coupe ...	£1,220
11' 3½" chassis ...	£895
de Ville ...	£1,275
*Sedan de Ville ...	£1,540

### Twelve Cylinder

10' 4" chassis ...	£1,200
Tourer ...	£1,485
Saloon ...	£1,550
Drophead Coupe ...	£1,575
11' chassis ...	£1,225
de Ville ...	£1,625
*Sedan de Ville ...	£1,870
11' 6" chassis ...	£1,250
*Seven passenger Limousine	£1,850

\* Coachwork by Thrupp & Maberly.



A PHANTOM III ROLLS-ROYCE SEDANCA WITH BODY BY WINDOVERS, LTD., RECENTLY SUPPLIED TO MR. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

#### Alvis.

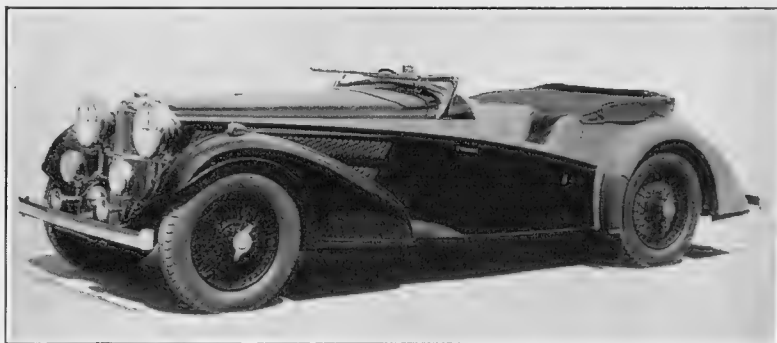
Big fours, it has been remarked more than once, are returning to favour. Actually I doubt if they ever went out of favour; but there was a period during which engine mountings were being developed to insulate the car occupants from tremor and vibration, and perhaps for a time attention did concentrate upon engines with six and more cylinders. But with the perfection of the engine mounting, the economy-trustworthiness value of the big four is more widely recognised. The new Alvis 12/70 is being shown at Earl's Court, and in my opinion it will prove an outstanding exhibit in its class. I have described the car in an earlier TAILER article. It has controllability written all over it, with its short wheelbase, good steering-lock, light controls and good outlook. Its maximum speed is in the eighties, and its comfortable cruising speed is 60 m.p.h. Other models which are being shown are the 4.3-litre car, the Speed Twenty-five, the Crested Eagle 25 h.p., which has the alternative 20 h.p. engine, and the new 20 h.p. Silver Crest, which has the alternative 16.95 h.p. engine. There are also numerous Alvis cars to be seen in the coachwork section of the Show.

It is hardly possible to conclude these remarks on the Alvis models without some reference to the racing successes of the firm. Undoubtedly those successes have contributed in large measure to the performance and sturdiness of the cars which bear this name.

#### Windover.

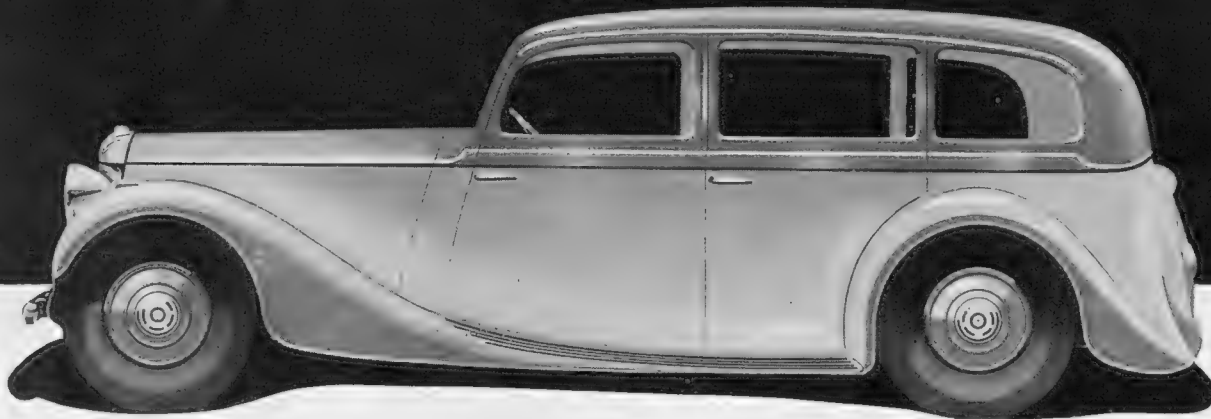
Six Windover-built bodies are to be on show at the Earl's Court Motor Exhibition, four of them on the Windover stand, one on the Rolls-Royce stand and one on the Daimler stand. In the special enclosed limousine shown on a Phantom III Rolls-Royce chassis, the body panels are painted cream with black top, chassis and wings. This body is upholstered in a fancy fabric with a light fawn finish piped with brown leather. The fittings are very complete and comprise special cocktail cabinets, wireless set, pockets to the front doors, provision for carrying umbrellas and golf clubs, a telephone from the rear seat to the driver, and such odds and ends as cigar lighter, trays and cigarette boxes.

The Special Sedan on a Daimler chassis is also worthy of attention. This has the body panels in rich maroon with the chassis, wings and top black. The interior woodwork is of grained "fiddle back" mahogany with the new matt finish. This car has an electric division which is lowered by pressing a button. Other features are the non-draught, hinged quarter windows and the door-type luggage carrier. On the 4½-litre Bentley chassis there is a drop-head foursome coupé painted in almond and grey. The folding head of this car is covered in fawn mohair fabric. The cabinet work has the dull finish and is in walnut. The equipment includes pivoted ventilating windows and a built-in luggage trunk at the rear fitted with suit cases and with provision for golf clubs.



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COACHWORK BY

# Windovers

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WINDOVERS LIMITED, 62 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1



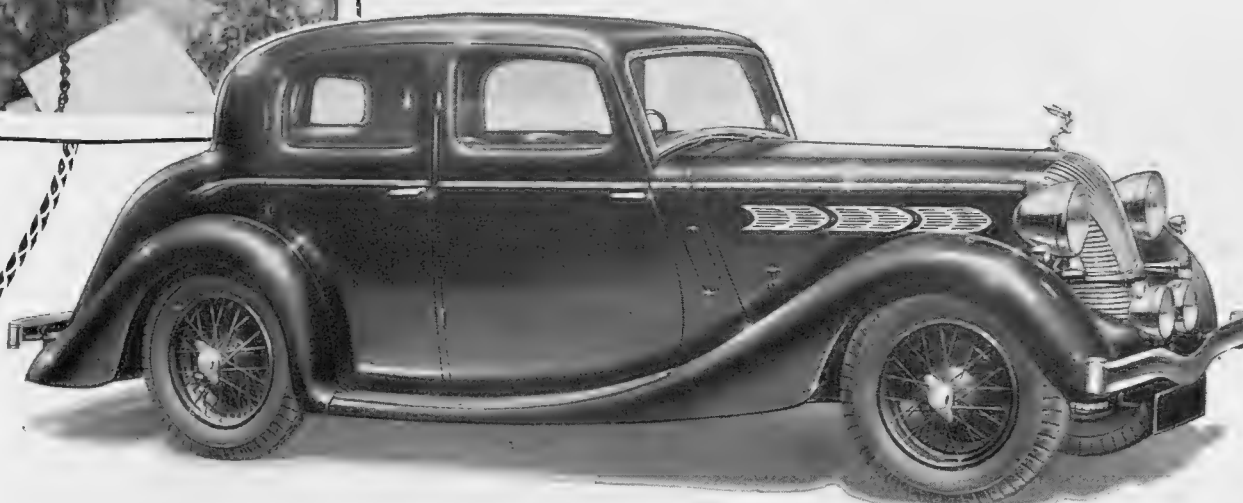
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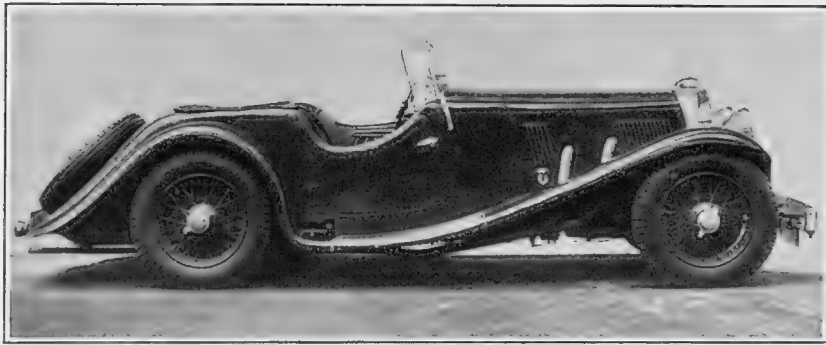
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Low built, with a line that tells the critic something of its history, the Aston Martin is a car which is desired by the true motoring enthusiast just so soon as he looks at it. If one looks back over memories of Le Mans one sees this make of car doing great things for British prestige, and wherever there is motor sport there also will be a good gathering of Aston Martins. The open car does not, however, represent the entire range, for to-day one can motor by Aston Martin in a saloon whose town manners are as good as any, yet which is capable of good averages on the open road. There is the 15 h.p. Aston Martin, and there are the short- and long-chassis speed models, and in these cars there is much to admire and much to interest.

\* \* \*

**Vauxhall.**

By the time these notes appear the news about the new Vauxhall ten-four will be out, and everybody who has heard about it will want to see it, so I need not here do more than say that it is, to my mind, one of the most interesting models the firm has produced. For the rest, the 12 h.p. and the 14 h.p. models remain exactly as they were for the present year. These cars have proved popular, and are enjoying success at home and on the overseas markets, so that the decision not to alter the specifications is a wise one. The 25 h.p. also remains the same, except that a three-speed gear box is substituted for a four-speed gear box. All the models have independent front-wheel mounting, synchromesh gear boxes and draughtless venti-

lation systems. The independent wheel mounting is worth a special study because it differs from all other types and combines the use of torsion rod, torsion tube and coil spring. The combination of torsion rod and torsion tube enables what amounts to a very long spring to be got into a very short space. It is difficult to put in words how the two are combined, but it is a point that everyone who visits Earl's Court should see for himself. A few moments' inspection makes the working clear, and one can then appreciate the ingenuity of the design.

\* \* \*

Although I promised to leave my description of the new 10 h.p. Vauxhall to a future date, I feel that I must refer to one thing about it now, the fuel economy. The mileage per gallon of over 40, which has been claimed, is certainly remarkable when the general performance of the car is borne in mind; but actually the reason for the economy can be found if one makes a really close study of the carburetter. It has some features which ought to give good results, and it will be for those who are interested in economical running—and nowadays that group comprises almost everybody who motors—to test this new Vauxhall and to try the mileage per gallon for themselves. At any rate this car is going to be—if I may so put it—one of the conversation pieces of the show.



THE NEW VAUXHALL TEN-FOUR

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The Silent Sports Car



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**H**AND-WOVEN TWEEDS are always a happy choice for practical coats, and the attractive model on the left is made of one of the new Orkneys—probably the most pleasing of all the hand-woven varieties—but it can also be obtained in hand-woven Harris or in Gorslan Scotch Tweed. The Swagger Coat on the right is available in Gorslan Scotch Bouclé—an outstanding fabric both as to texture and colourings. Look for the Rodex label at the leading fashion shops and stores.

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## Notes from Here and There

**H**er Royal Highness The Duchess of Kent has graciously consented to reopen the "Children's Rest" Convalescent Nursing Home, belonging to The Friends of the Poor, on Tuesday, October 26, at 3.15 p.m. Her Royal Highness is the Patron of the Home, which is at 40, Cambridge Park, Twickenham, and provides skilled care and nursing for 17 little children from the London hospitals. Funds are urgently needed and on the occasion of the opening Her Royal Highness will receive purses of £5 and over towards the purchase and re-equipment of the new house. Will any parents who would like their children to collect the money and present a purse please communicate with The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

**G**eorge Brent and Anita Louise are co-starred in *The Go-Getter*, based on the story by Peter B. Kyne, which opened at the New Gallery last Sunday. The cast also includes Charles Winninger and John Eldridge. George Brent takes the part of an ex-navy man who is seeking a job in a lumber navigation company's office when he meets Anita Louise, whom he mistakes for a stenographer. She is, in point of fact, the daughter of the proprietor, Charles Winninger, and it is her influence that gets Brent a job with Winninger, as the latter hires him over the head of his managers, John Eldridge and Willard Robertson. The managers, annoyed at being over-ruled, give Brent a number of very difficult tasks which he surprises everybody by accomplishing with great success. As a result, Winninger appoints him as manager of the firm's Shanghai office.

At this point Brent, who has been Winninger's pet, arouses his employer's enmity by announcing his intention of marrying Anita Louise, and they marry despite parental opposition. Although attempts are made to prevent them they sail for Shanghai together. Shortly after the boat has left Winninger finds himself with a labour strike on his hands which can only be settled by Brent. He sends him a wireless message, and despite the fact that the ship is already some way out to sea Brent's ingenuity is not above getting him back.

Also at the New Gallery will be *Slim*, starring Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Margaret Lindsay and Stuart Erwin. In this picture O'Brien and Henry Fonda take the parts of two high tension wire repair men. O'Brien introduces Fonda to Margaret Lindsay, a nurse with whom he is friendly. Later, Fonda is seriously injured in a quarrel with another man and Margaret Lindsay goes to nurse him. They fall in love and this situation is accepted by Pat O'Brien with good grace. A little later O'Brien is killed but Fonda escapes without injury.

## Racing Ragout

(Continued from p. 54)

have been submitted, that I gather the Editor has suffered from heartburnings (try Milk of Magnesia) in selecting the best. His final selection, submitted by a peer to whom the mention of money is so distasteful that he has refused to accept any prize, is "Ever Onward." The prize of £2 will therefore be forwarded to the lady who sent in the excellent suggestion "Again the Swaine." "Call it a Day" gets a highly commended and "Ward in Chancery" a highly delighted.



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an elegant coat in wool bouclé with an angora finish, it has the new waist deep collar of dyed fox. lined art crêpe. in all shades.

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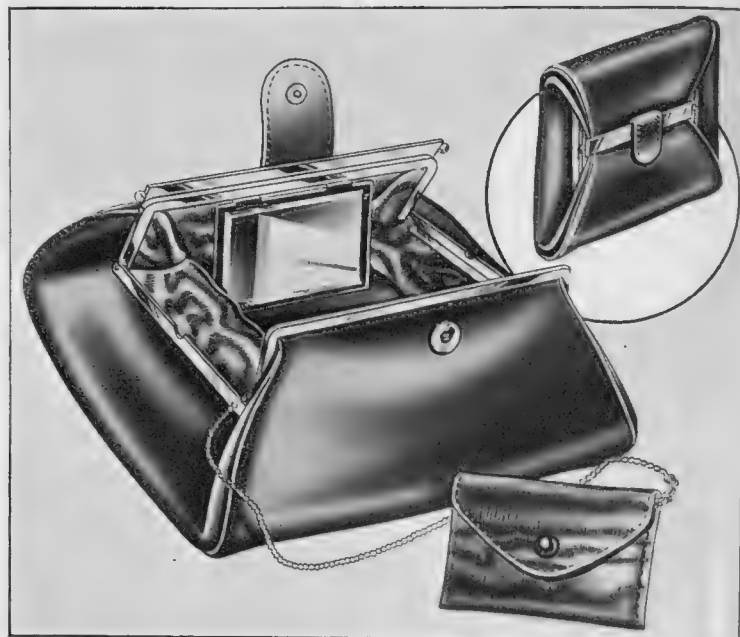
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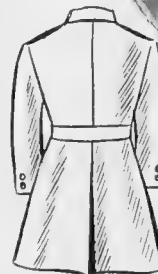
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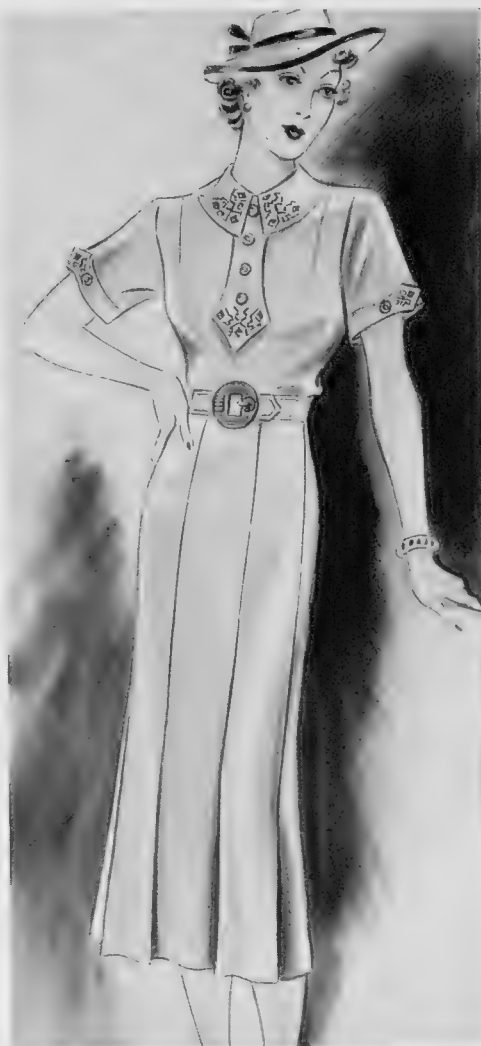
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*Novelty double lace wool house coat or gown, with zip  
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*In Natter Coral and Peach*

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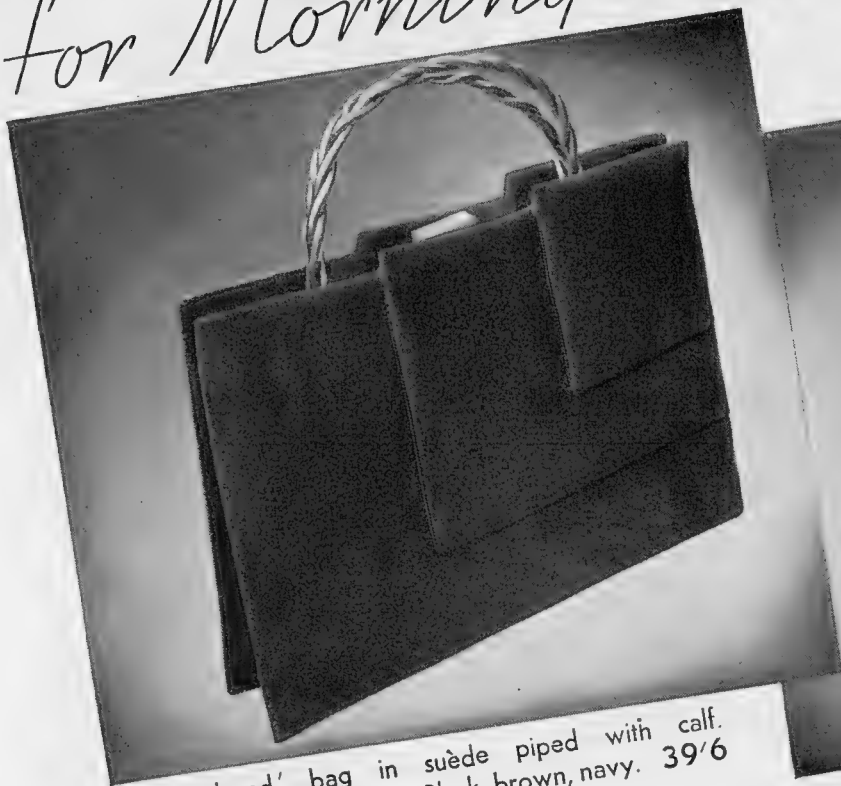
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*Margaret Barry*

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Soft warm wool, and pretty revers. Border and sleeves in contrasting colours. Pink, peach, sky blue and ivory. **5'11**

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Attractive New three-quarter-length coat in fine quality dyed **RUSSIAN ERMINE** City Price **69 gns.** Sent on Approval

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# NEW Evening Ensembles

GOWN DEPARTMENT (17)  
(SECOND FLOOR)



(Above) A TWO-PIECE TISSUE BROCADE EVENING GOWN in shades of Blue and Petunia. COAT of Petunia coloured Velvet. READY TO WEAR OR MADE TO MEASURE. COMPLETE

**38**  
GNS.

Gown alone - - - 25 gns.

The Two-piece in Velvet 23 gns.

(Below) EVENING GOWN in Silver and Blue shot Lamé with COAT of Petunia coloured Velvet. READY TO WEAR OR MADE TO MEASURE. COMPLETE

**29**  
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CORNER OF OXFORD CIRCUS



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FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR  
A warm Afternoon  
Dress in light weight  
wool, smartly button-  
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at neck with an  
attractive matching  
clip and buckle.  
In six attractive  
shades. Sizes: 36",  
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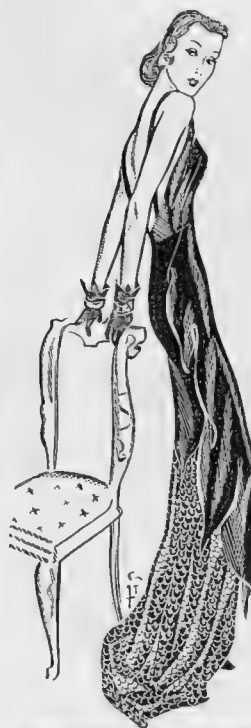
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But does she look after her figure? You bet!  
She wears a Filmy Corsette;  
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Gown  
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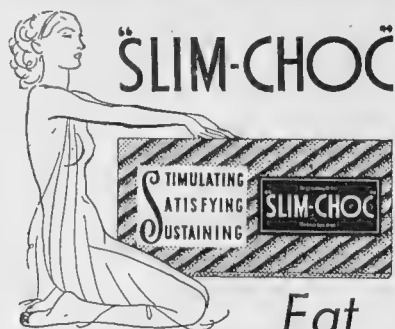
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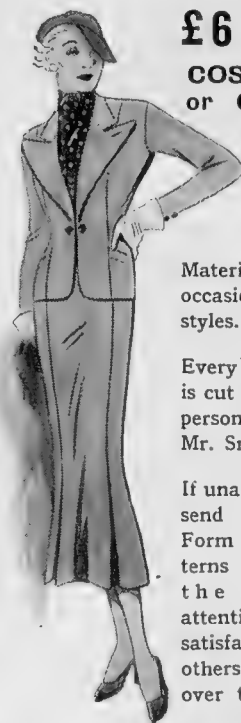
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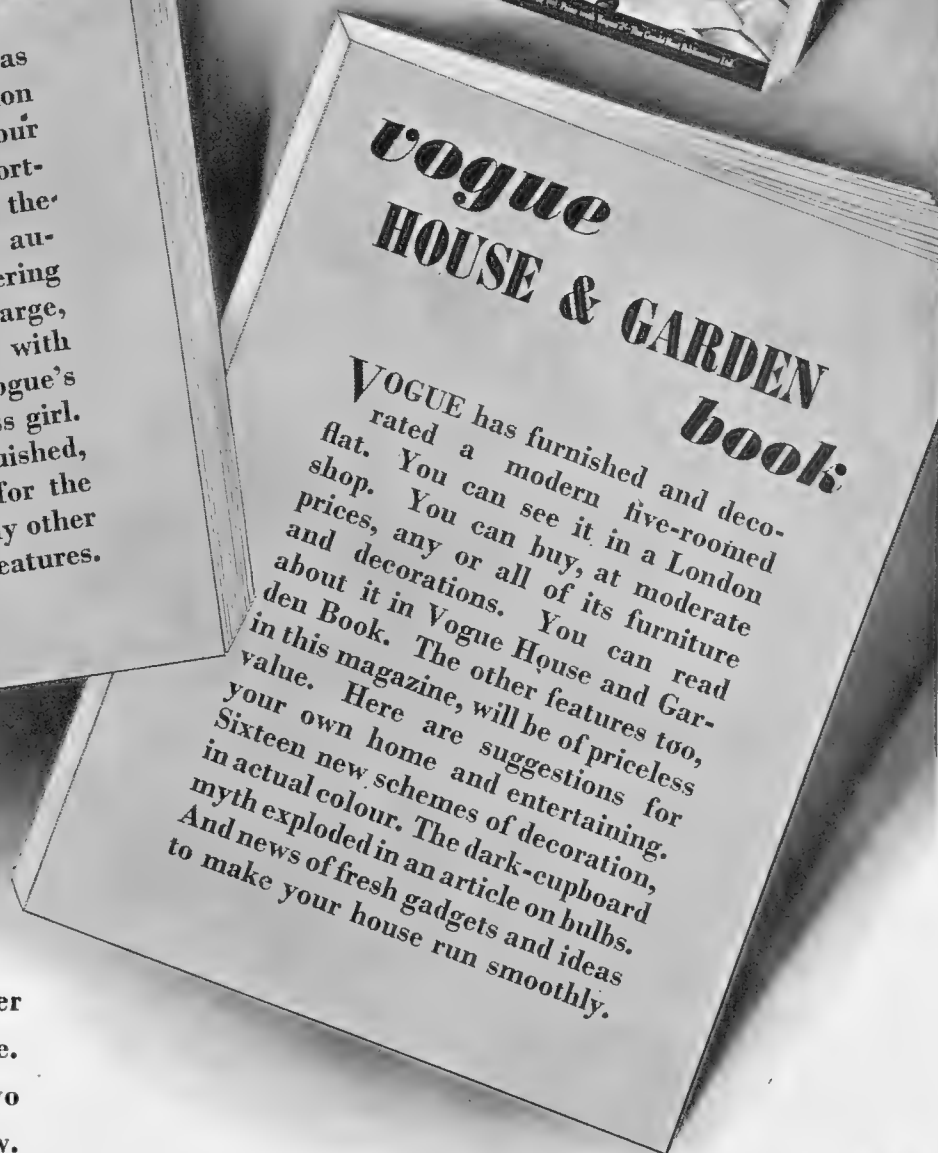
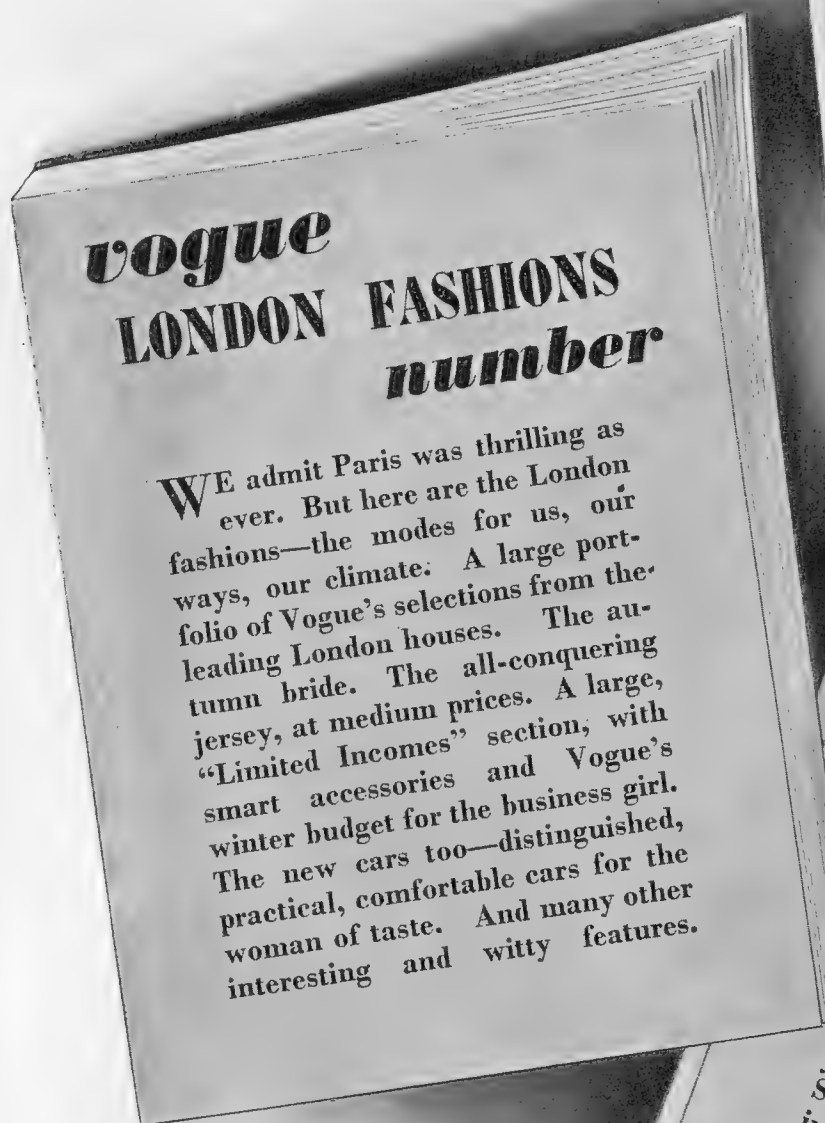
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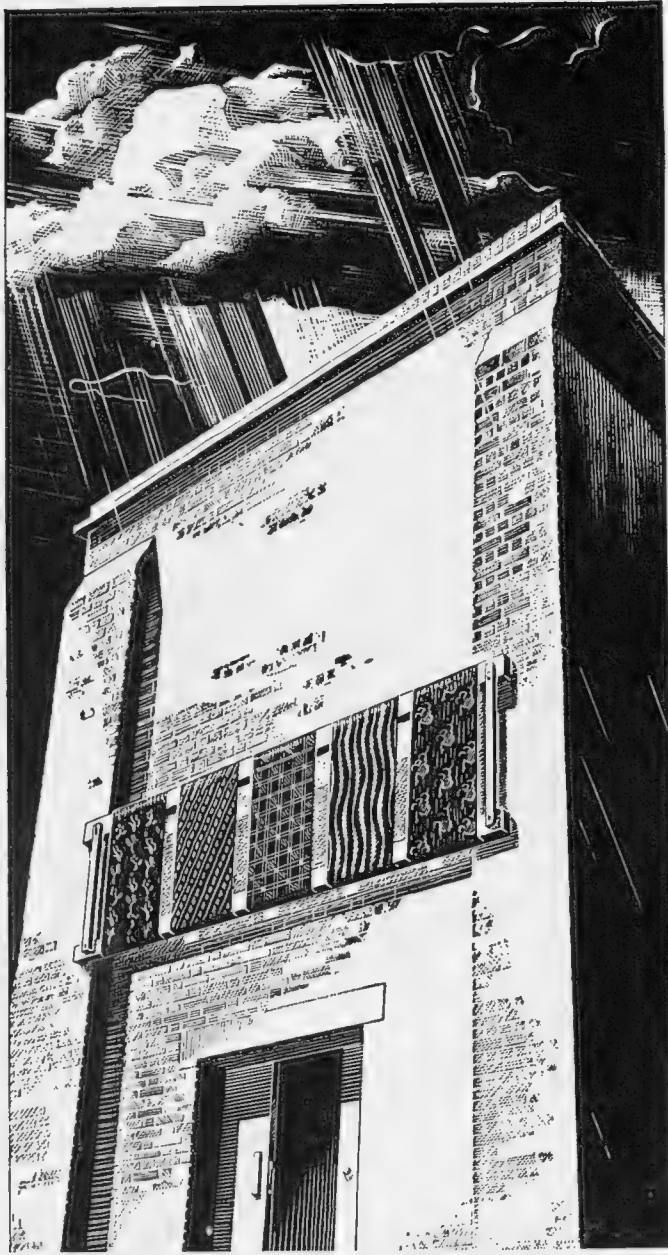
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**CAPSTAN  
SHANTIES  
XVII**

Oh, what's in your locker to-night, Davy Jones?  
*Dead men's dollars and dead men's bones.*

And what will you put there as soon as you can?  
*Your bones too, my pretty young man.*

And when we are ghosts, shall we smoke and drink?  
*Ay, all night long your cans shall clink.*

Then, Davy Jones, if it comes to the worst,  
Pray give me good rum to quench my thirst;  
And if you'd make me your grateful debtor  
Better buy Capstan (they're blended better).

Written by their  
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# Liberty's



## Naples

This lovely Evening Coat in crease-resisting velvet of burgundy has sleeves of gold tissue veiled by bands of scalloped velvet. Cut on long slimming lines it is a Coat worthy of note.

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## She knew that from now on no fashion would be too difficult to wear

Her hips were certainly slimmer, which was surprising, *because her new Berlei satin step-in was quite boneless*, and the side panels of matching satin Lastex-yarn allowed her the fullest freedom of movement. Her brassiere (also satin) gave her the new 'natural' bust line. It was low-backed, and had a section of Lastex-yarn which banished diaphragm roll. Turnings and fastenings were fine and flat, and dresses slipped easily over the smooth satin. The Brassiere, number 6154★ was 13/6, and the Belt number 4006★ was two guineas.

★ The Brassiere is made in seven bust sizes 34" to 40"

★ The Belt is made in seven waist sizes 24" to 30"

# Berlei

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FREE BOOK called "We don't want to Cramp your Style," specially written for women who choose foundation garments carefully. Please speak to the corsetière in any good store, or send a postcard for a copy to Berlei (U.K.) Ltd., 208a, Regent Street, W. 1. (Wholesale only)



Look for this  
trade mark.  
All genuine  
Arch Preservers  
bear it.



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Judged by her walk - and her features - she's as young as her daughter. Her walk is buoyant, because she is wearing - has always worn - Selberite Arch Preserver Shoes. And her appearance is youthful and vigorous with a sense of well-being which makes her want exercise in the fresh air. That is why her daughter is wearing them too.

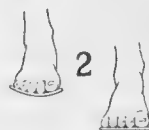
Note the **THREE CARDINAL FEATURES** of Selberite Arch Preservers, which make them the first shoes of their kind in the world, among hosts of competitors and imitators.

### THE THREE CARDINAL FEATURES



1. The modern high heel leaves the foot arch without support.

Selberite Arch Preservers put a strong invisible bridge under this vital arch.



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**ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.** (London Office) 53, REGENT ARCADE HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1



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We make both. Wool which is such a comfort to the not-quite-so-young when the time of the year for rheumatic twinges comes round. And Wool which is light as gossamer and soft as swansdown for the quite-young-and-gay. PESCO Pure Wool and Silk and Wool Underwear has styles to suit everybody.

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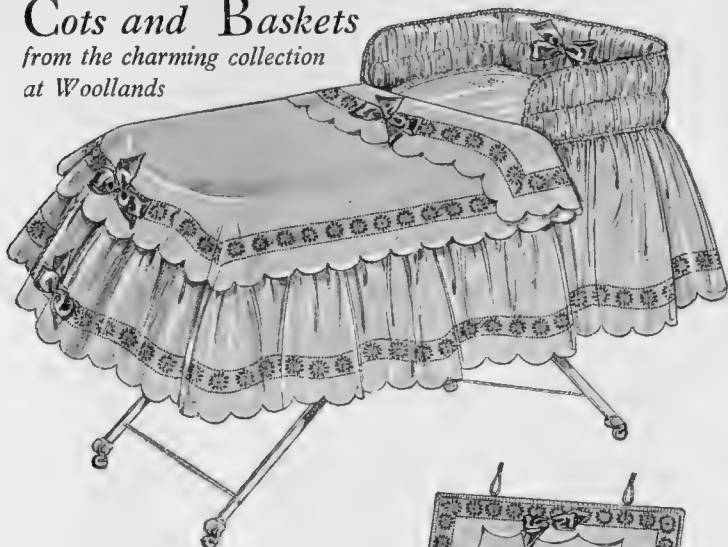
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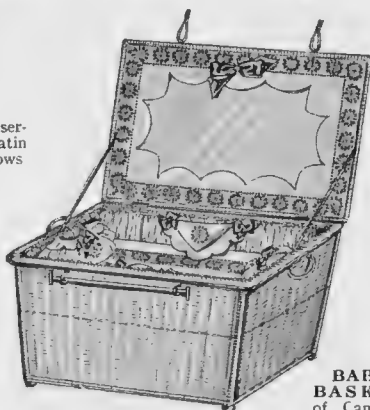
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# Studdington for Autumn



Trimmed with fox.  
This new model shown  
with angora flecked hop-  
sack. Becoming mostly  
to women of small  
stature. This coat is pro-  
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and Grey, with collar  
to contrast. To  
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Amputation.  
Shaped Pads  
for  
Thin Figures



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# THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M. E. BROOKE



SOMETHING in the air of the Ensemble Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge, makes women decide that they really need something new, for there is an irresistible appeal about the models, two of which are portrayed on this page. Above is a hip-length coat crossing over and fastening at one side, generously trimmed with white Arctic fox dyed a natural blue shade which is really more brown than blue. The skirt is cleverly gored, a device which aids in producing the modish pencil silhouette. The hat is of felt with a pompom of fur. The fashions of to-morrow are seen in the model on the left; interesting features of the fez and lancer plumes are introduced

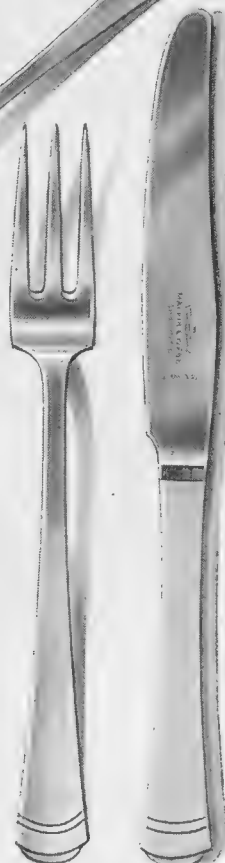
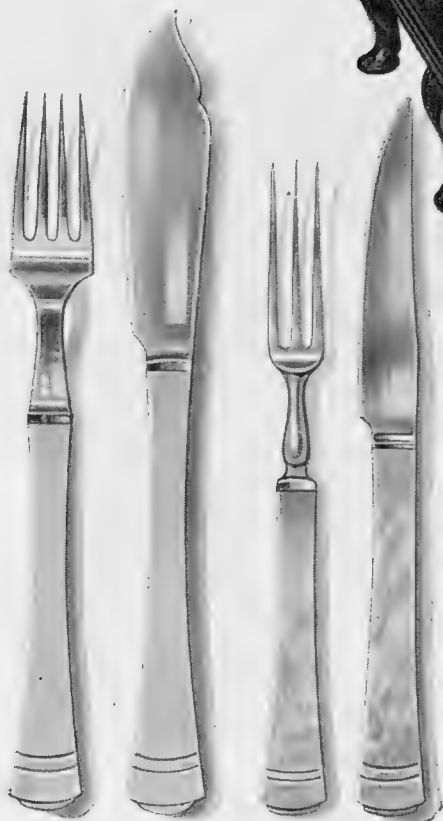
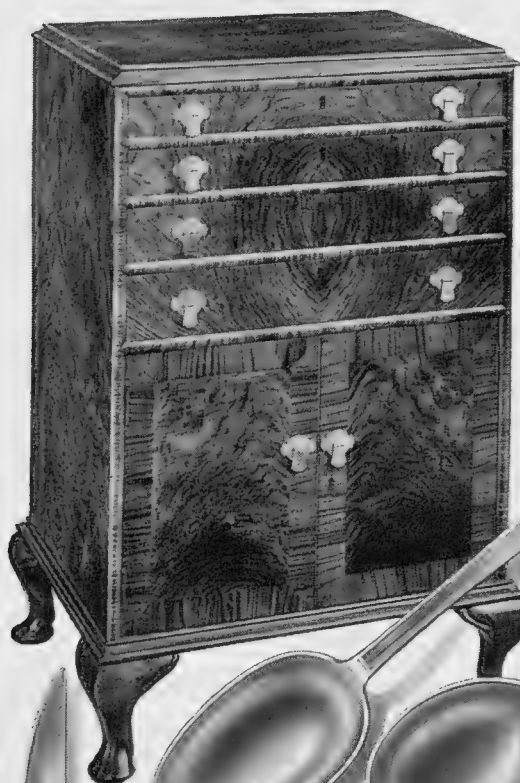
AN ensemble of a totally different character is seen on the left; nevertheless it has gone into residence in the same department. The fabricating medium has a smooth surface, in some respects suggesting a velour. Two seams are present in the skirt, while the front of the coat is of black and white Indian kid; its aspect is decidedly youthful. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that wonderful value is to be obtained in this department. For instance, for seven and a half guineas there are wool and angora ensembles. The dress is stitched with imitation pockets and the full-length coat reinforced with high revers. The autumn catalogue must be carefully studied

Pictures by Blake



# WALNUT CABINET *Containing a Service of* HAND-FORGED STERLING SILVER *Spoons & Forks*

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- 12 Dessert Forks.
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- 12 Fruit Knives\* and Forks.
- 12 Tea Spoons.
- 1 Pair Sugar Tongs.
- 2 Butter Knives.
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\*Stainless Blades.

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## POST-DATED

## (CAPES)



AMONG the successes of Percy Vickery's (245, Regent Street) fur collection is a much to be desired black American broadtail coat. There is a hem of kamchatka fox—such a glorious colour—and there is an accessory of this lovely fur which may perform the mission of a muff or in a fraction of a second may be converted into a scarf collar. The high hat is of fur to match the coat. Mr Vickery is particularly emphatic in his opinion that capes will be on the crest of the wave as the season advances. Therefore on the left is seen one of dark natural Canadian mink; it must be carefully studied in order that the skilful and artistic working of the skins may be appreciated. Another advantage with which it is endowed is that it is especially light in weight. By the way, it is indeed an excellent investment for a hundred and thirty-nine guineas. Natural blue fox makes the cape on the right, which is fifty-nine guineas. Furthermore, there are grey Indian lamb coats, slightly waisted, with suède belts and adjustable collars, for forty-five guineas. It must likewise be mentioned that there are swagger leopard-skin coats for fifty-nine guineas, those of ocelot being forty-five guineas. Women who are seeking something quite out of the ordinary must make a point of seeing the natural Indian kid coats; interesting features are the peg-top sleeves and the clever manner in which (although they have many of the characteristics of the "swagger") they are waisted. A few words must be said about the catalogue (sent gratis and post free) as it is of exalted merit and gives particulars of coats and wraps, including those of Persian lamb and mink

Picture by Blake



Fine soft kid gloves lined with white silk, 21/-



Bag in calf with punctured decoration, 47/6  
Calf leather belt, 14/6

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and Mason**

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Ribbed monk shoe in our lovely baby calf, 69/6



Shaw Wildman

# STUDIES IN STRIPES

Woollie Frocks  
for  
Winter Occasions



Pictures by Blake

A SLIM line is synonymous with smartness, and stripes can be very skilfully used to achieve this desirable end. How effective they can be is shown by the Stefney "woollies" on this page. Diagonal lines flatter the figure in the frock on the left above; this is seen in shades of rust, sand and nigger brown, with a rust-coloured velvet cravat. The soft tones of autumn woods are mingled in the model on the left, of knitted angora fabric finished with an original leaf clasp. Here horizontal stripes form a shoulder yoke, emphasised by self-covered buttons. The simple dress above is knitted to look like curly bouclé in pastel blues and greens which are repeated in the sash. Stefney models are sold practically everywhere, but should there be difficulty application must be made to I. and L. Stephany, 2, Berners Street, W.1, for the name of the agent



# "I wish I had more neck appeal!"

## Jane Seymour"



A friend of mine was sitting in front of her mirror one evening, and we were indulging in one of those heart-to-heart talks so dear to women.

"My neck's getting as crepe-y as a chicken's throat," she said, "and I'm still in my thirties. Surely it shouldn't happen at my age?"

"It certainly should not," I said, "if you give it proper care every night."

"Oh," she said. "Of course I always look after my *face*, but somehow I never thought of doing my neck."

Now could anything be more short-sighted? One's neck is nearly always the first to 'go.' Yet how many women there are—rubbing creams on their faces like clock-work and totally neglecting their necks! It's criminal. I told my friend so.

"But don't despair," I said. "We'll soon have it right again if you will persevere with this simple

treatment. Give your neck a nightly 'wash' with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic. Then pat in Vitamin Cream, and bind a soft bandage round it. In the morning, brace with Astringent Lotion. You'll see an improvement very quickly. It's quite wonderful the way Vitamin Cream plumps out the tissues. I've known it work wonders in far worse cases than yours."

She was evidently alarmed enough to take my advice, and I happen to know that it was extremely successful. For she called at my Salon about a month later in triumph to show me the result. "Look," she said, "that crepey-ness has simply disappeared! It's like a miracle!"

Do get my book "Speaking Frankly" from any shop that sells my preparations and read up the treatment in more detail. Or write to me for it: Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

# Jane Seymour BEAUTY PREPARATIONS



Trade Mark



Seldom can the jeweller's art have produced anything more exquisite than the fragile loveliness of this Flower-basket Brooch, with golden, golden-brown and fine white diamonds blending in a perfection of colour harmony.

Recalling in its daintiness the eighteenth century French School, its essential modernity is yet apparent in the delightful arrangement of brilliant cut with baguette diamonds.

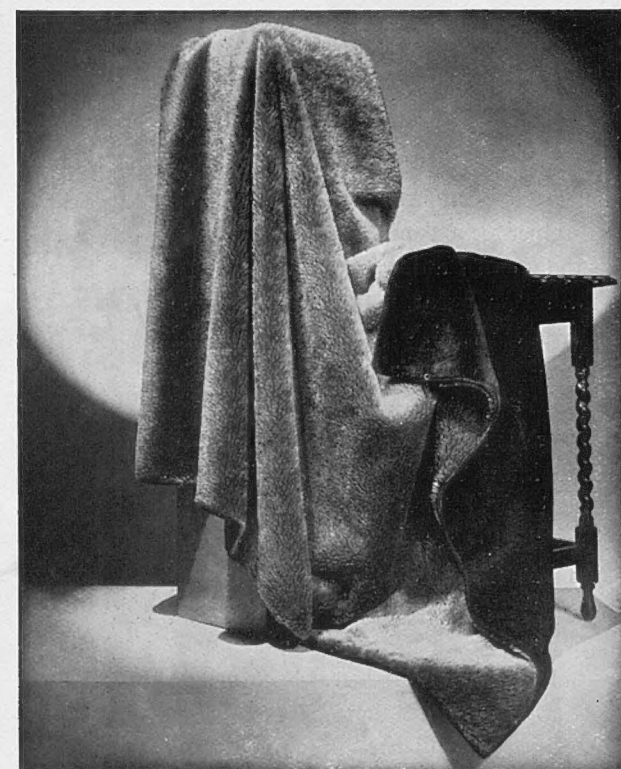
The Brooch is here shown actual size. The price is £285.

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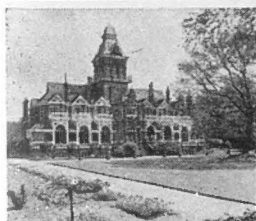
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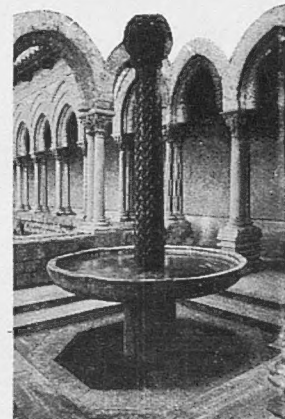
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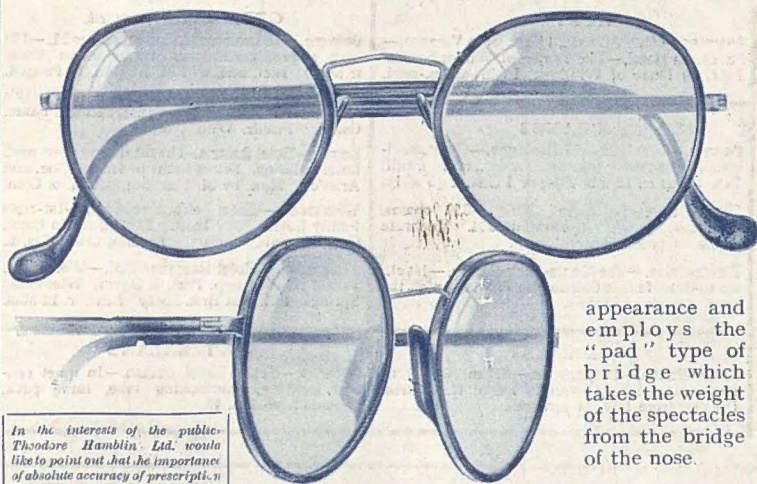
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Statistics supplied by reliable medical authorities show that tens of thousands of deaths take place each year in England and Wales alone through the ravages of influenza and the common cold. Yet hundreds of thousands of people take no precautions whatever to protect themselves from infection.

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